

THE
DARK BLUE.

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'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WORK OF A STRONG MIND.

'The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.'



THE poet, Nicolas Rowe, who portrayed William III. and Louis XIV. in his 'Tamarlane,' said it ; all of us may prove it.

George Harrowby rested a day in Portman Square, packed his portmanteau, did *not* call on his uncle, Lord Wharnton, and departed for Suffolk. He was received with open arms at Newstead Hall, with sisterly embraces and pitying tears by Ethel,—for George Harrowby looked wretched and miserable. The turn of thought here appeared to foreshadow strange coming events ; the world at Newstead was taking a leap,—a leap from the bank of affluence to that of mediocrity,—would it be possible

to bridge over the abyss that lay between by a determined resolute will ?

George was anxious to unburden his heart to Mrs. Damer, but there appeared no opportunity; a peculiar restlessness seemed to govern the house, a kind of activity only known to people who have to earn their living, and cannot afford to let time slip by unheeded. Soon George would know more, would know *that*, which set a good many brains wondering at the peculiarities of certain minds; minds endowed with more energy than *one* body can well manage to work off—minds that either 'dare to attempt and conquer difficulties,' or that are shattered on the rock of social conventionality,—if left unemployed.

Some weeks had passed since Mr. Damer had paired with an old Conservative baronet, for the remainder of the Session; these weeks had been full of purpose, of stirring scenes at home, and thoughtful consultation. Mr. Damer was strongly resolved to rid himself of his £20,000, annual income, and to reserve nothing but his wife's pin-money, about £500 a year.

Lawyers had been to Newstead Hall, letters of instructions had been sent to London, and to Bury St. Edmunds; deeds were drawn up; banker's accounts sent for, tradesmen's bills called in, and all—that a man might say: 'I will work for my bread.' Assiduously had Mr. Damer pursued the study of French and German, besides digesting Parliamentary returns, blue books, and standard works on political economy. And how had he taken up the two languages? With all the power of his intellect; however tiresome the beginning, however trivial might have appeared to another man, who had been actively engaged in a high position, the grammatical changes of foreign tongues, Mr. Damer conquered within one month the principal rules of both grammars, read fluently both languages, could manage to speak some broken sentences, and write a short note. He had entered upon new worlds of thought, for the acquisition of a living language, *is* a new world of thought; but then Mr. Damer had outrun all routine, he had thrown himself into the meaning of the words and forms he learned; they had become a part of himself, and had not been left outside his inner understanding as the gaunt, lifeless figures of an unknown tongue. Mrs. Damer and Ethel had helped him now and then with a lesson, directions, and corrections; his vigorous mind and undaunted assiduity had supplied the rest.

Edward Damer came home—his father was closeted with him for two long hours—after which time Edward came out of the study, looking desolate and forlorn, traces of great emotion visible on his face. He went to his mother.

'Mamma, what is all this, why has papa got such odd notions into his head about not being able to work, if he is hampered by property? Why am I to become the scapegoat of these ideas? I told papa that he had better endow a hospital, and leave me and Harry some moderate sum.'

He replied that that would not be right ; the money inherited by him should go to me ; it was, after all, but trust-money, and the only difference under the new arrangement would be, that some one else than he would be my trustee. I don't see it in that way at all, and I shall be pointed at by everybody.'

'My dear Edward, you are the natural possessor by primogeniture of your father's fortune, and you must take it. Do with it as you like when you are twenty-one.'

Ah, mamma, I am afraid when that time comes, I shall have become used to it, and shall not be inclined to part with it. *Now*, I might ; I think you are both doing me a great wrong.'

'If we are, bear it.'

'But I do not like it, it gives me a painful position, and makes us all the butt of the world's jokes and remarks.'

'Don't care, dear Edward, for that ; there is no help for it. I would not baulk papa in his schemes.'

'No, mamma, because I verily believe you are as enthusiastic on some points as he is.'

Mrs. Damer liked the doubtful compliment, kissed her son affectionately, and said :

'Edward, not many people would quarrel with £20,000 a year.'

Edward's *amour-propre* was touched—he felt his self-importance rise.

The great day came ; from London arrived the family-lawyer, Mr. Burton, who brought with him a clever conveyancer and a Chancery attorney—Mr. Ross, of Lincoln's Inn ; from Bury St. Edmunds came Mr. Burton's brother, the representative of the country firm ; Lord Howden joined the party, so did the Rev. Mr. Turner, a Justice of the Peace, and an old friend of the Damers'. Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Damer completed the group ; Edward and George Harrowby being seated away in the embrasure of the window. Business was transacted in the morning-room ; Mr. Damer would have it so. It was a curious spectacle : a dead calm lay on the luxurious summer-scene without ; there was not even the slightest breath ; the birds were drowsily dozing in their leafy ambush, and the insects lazily hiding in bush, brier, and grass. While Nature lay becalmed, man was actively engaged to undo partially the work of half a century,—night and day, from January to December, had Mr. Damer's grandfather worked and laboured with unusual engineering skill to heap up sufficient gold in order to step into the ranks of the upper middle class, and leave his son a competence ; that son, Mr. Damer's father, had taken the competence, and speculated with it in building and constructing those large works, that employ thousands. The result of foresight and vast calculation had been a colossal fortune, bequeathed to his son, the present Mr. Damer, who, brought up at Eton, had become the *real*

gentleman of the family—the one who did nothing to earn money—had entered the House of Commons under the auspices of the government, and had soon become a conspicuous man in home and trade affairs.

So earnest had been his rhetoric, so powerful the grasp of his subject, that he had made a mark at once, and when suddenly a place became vacant in the Ministry, after one of his own cutting speeches, he was asked to join it, and was later promoted to an immediate seat in the Cabinet. But Mr. Damer, however full of purpose he might be, had not served due apprenticeship; and anxious beyond measure to advance sagacious far-sighted plans of improvement, had outrun the House of Commons in vision of possibility, but remained behind in appreciation of practicability, and so failed.

The incongruous group in the morning-room waited; Mr. Damer was in his study still with Harry.

'Harry, my boy, we are better friends now, are we not? Before I join those gentlemen, I have a question to put to you. I have reserved no money for you, because I wish to be actually without property; £2000 are put aside merely,—£1000 to furnish a moderate house, £1000 for a tour in Europe. Then I recommence life. Now I want to know whether, before the deeds are attested, a clause is to be inserted on your behalf; your brother will give up anything to you; or whether you will throw in your lot with your father? Don't fear to speak out, my boy; in either case, we shall be friends.'

Harry clung to his father. 'Papa, dearest papa, let me be poor, too—I could not bear the idea of having a shilling that came not through you. Promise me but one thing, that I may never never leave you and mamma unless I go to Zollwitz.'

Mr. Damer used no persuasion; a fair statement and a fair answer; he respected even his boy's decision.

'I understand you, Harry; you go with Ethel into the grounds now—best for both of you. Edward will stop with me.'

There stood the man, who had the courage to give up the property gained by the exertions of others; strange, Mr. Damer, always a little overbearing, was almost humble in his renunciation. He looked pale, and a certain spasmodic emotion passed every now and then across his countenance; but with a determined hand he signed his name. Little was said, whatever those who assisted at such a strange proceeding felt, they could not but divine motives utterly beyond their own comprehension, and they acquiesced in an act of almost religious importance.

Lord Howden, and the Rev. Mr. Turner, were the trustees; Messrs. Burton, the solicitors under the deed. Edward Damer, after signing, was so overcome, that only his father's words quieted him: 'My dear Edward, you are doing me a favour; you are helping me out of a dilemma; get

rid of the money I *must*, still I should not like to get rid of it unrighteously. It has been gained by our family, let it remain in it.' A firm pressure of the hand finished the sentence. All the formalities had been gone through—all the deeds had been signed—Robert Damer was a poor man! Mrs. Damer passed quietly round to her husband's side, and placed her arm in his.

'Come out into the air a little, Robert, it will do you good. Gentlemen, you will remain to luncheon, will you not? Pray amuse yourselves as best you can for half-an-hour.'

Mr. and Mrs. Damer went into the grounds; Nature was the same, still and sullen. He pressed her hand on his arm; his thoughts remained his own. There are moments when the word trembles on the soul's threshold, but cannot overstep its inner chamber.

Evening came. The visitors had left the house; Mr. Damer had for an hour remained in his own room, communing with himself. He came out fresh and hale—ready to meet the world with his own powers, his own knowledge, his own strength—owing nothing to others. They had all gone to bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Damer were alone in the morning-room—the drawing-room had for some time been shut up.

'Jane, dear, I have had several answers lately to my applications for literary work; shall I tell you their contents?'

'Do, Robert.'

'I know two editors of daily papers, and one of a periodical. I wrote to the three, offering the two first my services as a leader-writer on social subjects; the latter, articles on the same. Listen. One of the dailies answered that, much as he honoured my offer, he believed newspaper writing to require so peculiar a training, that it would be utterly impossible to employ any person, of however exalted a position, on his staff, not used to this training; but that he was ready to judge any article I might send, as he would that of another man. Jane, I thought him an honest fellow. The other wrote that I should have precedence if he possibly could manage it; but that he must ask strict adherence to party principles. Jane, I knew that that paper had party support, and belonged to a clique. But more than these two have I valued the answer from the monthly magazine, and I will read it to you:

"My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 29th ult., and hasten, as much as time permits, to answer it. You may rest assured that I have not forgotten the introduction my friend Lowther procured me to your house; and that I should be happy, in any case, at once to accept anything from your pen. Will you kindly look over the contents of our magazine for the last three months, and make your own conclusions of what would be suitable? It might appear presumption on my

part to say that, being young, I am foolhardy enough to go in for a great deal of new matter, still holding to my old flag. A man who is capable of doing what you have done, might understand us ; but I assure you that the world has peculiar ways of upholding progress. It is crying for it with open mouth ; but cannot use its eyes to see it where it might find it ; and yet, to the world at large, you will find you must pin your faith ; for as sure as you choose a new path, you will be overhauled by every one—friend or foe—who can get near you to give you a tug. You will be fair game as long as the novelty lasts—friendly blame, social advice, conscientious rebuke, wise counsel, but above all, dastardly anonymous attack will be yours, and the stinging social flies of a meaner sort will come round you by hundreds, to goad you into forgetfulness of yourself and your preconceived aim. I am short-lived in experience ; but I tell you, my dear Sir, if your aim is not stronger than your individuality, you will fail. If your aim is always clear before you—you will cast off the flies, and succeed. So prominent a man as yourself should not want my poor words, but I sincerely esteem you, and want to show you what *must* be endured. Expecting your communication, believe me,

“Yours very truly,

“T. GOODEWILL.”

‘Now Jane, none of this is very exhilarating ; I had just now a hard hour by myself. Jane, I thought, suppose my clumsy efforts to gain a crust of bread for us failed ; suppose you had no little income of your own ; suppose you were ill, and there was no money in the house to pay a doctor—and there are, there must be such houses—Jane, Jane, what should I do ? I wanted to bring myself to understand what it is to know that you have not a penny piece unless you earn it. I think I am beginning to see it. You may thank God we are not in London, for so sure as I were there now, I should one morning stand outside the dock gates at four o’clock, and ask for a day’s work. That is, I believe, the hardest step a man takes before he asks for parish relief, or goes into the workhouse ; and the agony, the depth of that step would I wish to know. There is one situation I would fill if I could get it, but I believe I am not eligible—Master of a Workhouse—just for one six months. I think then I should begin to understand the question of pauperism, and if I dispensed the relief from a Trade Benefit Club for another six months, I might begin to learn the need of labour. It is to these two subjects that I shall devote all my study here and abroad ; for that purpose I gleaned a little practical knowledge of foreign tongues. There must be something to be learnt of the internal arrangement of foreign nations that might be beneficial ; anyhow I’ll have a look at them.’ Mr. Damer walked up and down. ‘Jane, are you dull ? I have a strange feeling

around me,'—he lowered his voice—'a feeling as if I could pray as I have never prayed. Ah, necessity, says the proverb, makes strange bed fellows, and I say creates strange and strong feelings. If I cast my looks over the country, over its component parts, over that immense population, that sways backward and forward in daily want and toil—my very innermost consciousness brings me to say: Do they, oh, do they know in Downing Street, that unless we put the shoulder to the wheel we may, in a few years, be living on a seething cauldron?'

Mr. Damer was overcome; perhaps his spirit was searching deeper than is common to man, into the possibilities of actual human existence, anyhow he had the ambition to search. For after all, was it not ambition to search thus into the needs of mankind?

Mrs. Damer held her husband's hand.

'Robert,' she said, 'I thought your pet scheme was the fitness of the members of legislative assemblies for their work?'

'My dear Jane, I shall propose that, as a natural consequence. Would you let your cooking be done by a housemaid? Well, was I fit to be a cabinet minister; was I fit even to be a legislator in a higher sense? No—I may have been more fit than others, that does not make up for my unfitness; my position, my natural talents, my property came into account. Now, as that good German, Professor Holmann, advised me, I shall improve my political knowledge by the thought and reflection that have been acquired by the mind, which has learnt to combine and compare the relations of mankind from sound deduction. Jane, dear, I shall at once accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and resign my seat; for we must start for Germany. Will you come?'

'To be sure, Robert; where your soul is, there shall be my body.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHANGES.

'Wechsel ist im leben, denn wechsel ist leben, und leben ist im wechsel.'¹

In the shade of the limes, the oaks and elms, the chesnuts, larches and sycamores round Newstead Hall, walked a tall, robust man—thinking his thoughts. At a sturdy pace he measured the distance from one end of the green to the other, moulding his impressions into ideas, and his ideas into words. Everywhere in his brain one notion prevailed: 'What is actual life?' Everywhere in his brain did he search for answers to his query; and from every nook of his mind came the echo: 'Seek the

¹ 'Change is in life, for change is life, and life is in change.'

solution in *real* not *false* reality.' But what was *false* reality? 'The *sham* of *civilized* society,' said his answer. And what was *real* reality? 'The *need* of *general* humanity.'

Thus far had Mr. Damer got with his thoughts, when a young man's faltering step came behind him, and attracted his attention. He turned, and saw close to him his nephew, George Harrowby. The two had never been great friends; Mr. Damer's hard, sharp temper had repulsed George Harrowby's doubtful moral strength, while resenting his impertinent assumption of importance. George evidently sought Mr. Damer purposely. Mr. Damer was surprised, but softened by the anxious look on his nephew's face.

'Well, George, will you have a walk with me? It is cool here under the trees.'

'I wanted to speak to you' (the formula that ushers in so much human discussion, and often introduces so much human heartache), said George, hesitatingly.

Mr. Damer jumped but to one conclusion—money.

'My dear George,' he said, 'I am so sorry; I am afraid you are in difficulties, and *now* I cannot help you, if I would. Dear me, I might have thought of you, and kept a thousand pounds for you and Ethel. There, in my grand renunciation, I forgot my little duties. I cannot ask the trustees; Aunt Sarah never will lend a farthing; and really I have not got it now. What can I do for you, my poor boy; I ought to have thought of it.'

George was astounded; never had Mr. Damer spoken to him so kindly; but then Mr. Damer was changing daily.

'It is not about money, sir (Mr. Damer liked the old-fashioned sir), but something else.' Mr. Damer pricked up his ears. 'I want to ask you a great favour—a great favour—to take me with you to Germany, and allow me to be Harry's tutor. My expenses shall be most moderate, and I want no salary. I am in debt, and heavily, it is true; but if my uncle Wharnton continues my allowance, I shall devote *that* to the payment, and if you will allow me to accompany you, I may learn sufficient German to take on my return a tutorship, for which German will be a recommendation. It would be a great help for me, and better than money, as I can continue my other studies at the same time.'

Mr. Damer looked at George; it was the first thoughtful speech he had heard from his lips. The world was changing. The sturdy uncle put his arm into that of his nephew, and walked on, a familiarity he had never been guilty of before. 'My boy, you surprise me. I should have least expected this from you. Really, George, I am very pleased, I wish now I had a fifty pound note to give you.' The old habit of measuring all goodness by money came up again. 'You *shall* go with us, never

mind what it costs, and you shall be Harry's tutor. You are a brave fellow, to come down from your social stilts; and, believe me, the rest will come of itself, if you will but work in earnest.'

'Thank you, thank you. I shall work, and may later be able to take my degree.'

'Do that. Never think that new ideas must root out old strength; we must build on the old foundation with new material. Take your degree.'

The two, the young and the middle-aged man, began to understand each other. *Do we know the strength of that moral support, which shakes hands with endeavours?* It would save many a man.

Harry met them as they walked towards the house.

'Oh, here you are, George; I have done my history with Ethel, and a jolly good teacher she is. No learning things off by rote with her, you have to understand them. She's been got into it by mamma; not but that you are famous at mathematics, George,' said Harry, anxious not to offend by praising the sister. 'You don't know, papa, what splendid lessons I have had from George since he's come here.'

'Really?' said Mr. Damer astonished, pressing his nephew's arm; 'changes—more changes.'

'It is very kind of George, papa, because I am a great dunce still in mathematics, and you know he should have thought it beneath him to teach a cub like me.'

George laughed, but never had his face shone with such manly courage.

'Oh, I forgot, papa, Aunt Sarah has come. She wants you; do make haste now, for I don't think she looks very well.'

Mr. Damer hurried to the house. There stood Aunt Sarah in the sun, with a big cotton umbrella over her.

'Well, Robert, how are you now; regretting your money, ain't you now?'

'No, no, Aunt Sarah, never shall.'

'Never shall; if I only knew what you'll do; why you'll starve. Because I know you wouldn't ask anybody for a sixpence, if you did want it. That's your pride; it's all pride.'

'I shouldn't ask you, Sarah,' said Mr. Damer, smilingly, 'because you never would lend me a sixpence when I was a boy.'

'Perhaps I wouldn't; perhaps I wouldn't—it's a bad principle; work for it, as I have done—I used to think. Bless me, one doesn't know what one may come to.'

They went into the house, and into Mr. Damer's favourite room; they were alone.

'Robert,' said Aunt Sarah, 'after all, I don't understand all this modern stuff, it seems so queer. Now, tell me, won't you take half my money at once. I won't let anyone know, and there's a lot of it.'

'Many thanks, Sarah ; but what would be the use of my having given it up ? I might as well have kept my own. But you are kind to offer it.'

'Kind to offer it ; you don't understand me, Robert ; you are turning me inside out. Bless the man, can't you see you are killing me ?' The old lady laid her head on the couch, and sobbed outright.

Mr. Damer went to her : 'Sarah, what have I done ?'

'Done, why upset my mind, my life and all. What's the use of it ? Havn't I thought it the purpose of my life, all these years, to work day after day, and save, save, save, like my brother did, to heap up a heavy bag of gold, and have the satisfaction of leaving it to you all, and know that when I am in my grave, you'll say : "Now really, she was a brave woman to get it together by her own management, and she's made the family a bit richer still ? And now all my work—that's all my life—has been for nothing ! You don't seem to want it, or even care for it. I have offered it to your wife on the sly. *She's* refused it ; and here you do the same. For goodness sake tell me, what has my life been for ? I might as well have been contented on the little I had, and never striven at all. Bother the man, he makes me almost ashamed of myself, that I've worked like a slave.'

Aunt Sarah had dried her eyes, and sat disconsolately looking at her nephew ; but her nephew had caught at something, and was thinking. By Aunt Sarah's side there sat presently a gentle woman, Jane Damer ; she stroked the old maid's cheek.

'Don't trouble, dear aunt, when there is no trouble ; you have given an example of industry to us all, and to your own people—that is much.'

'Not a bit of it, when it's done with a bad motive. He's killing me with his mad vagaries. I shall shut up the farm, and go into the work-house. He shan't make me feel so wicked.'

'Aunt Sarah, they won't take you ?' said Mr. Damer, laughing.

'Won't they, if I pay for my own board ?'

'It wouldn't do.' The big man stood before the little, shrivelled-up old woman. 'Aunt Sarah, keep up your health and spirits. You have set me thinking. I promise you I will make you happy before you die, and you shall find a purpose for your life. Now be a good soul, and don't make Jane miserable. I want her to go to London to-morrow.'

'Then I'll go with her.'

'But the farm ?'

'Oh, let it go ; it is going already. I can't sleep at nights for thinking of you, and so I lie awake ; doze towards morning, and am late. The maids, drat 'em, know it, and get late too—everything is in confusion. You wouldn't know the place ; what's the use of it, if nobody will have my money ?'

'Well, if you go with Jane, all the better ; I would rather Ethel

stayed here with Harry and George Harrowby. Edward is gone to Lord Howden's in Norfolk, for a few days. I'll go and have a look at the farm.'

'Oh, let the maids and the men manage as they can. What's the use when there's no purpose? Do let me have tea with you, and then I'll go home, pack up, and bring my luggage here.'

Change upon change. Aunt Sarah had never been sociable, and now evidently yearned for sympathy. Off she walked, but her step was not so elastic; Harry ran after her, she seemed grateful for company.'

'Jane, darling, I want you to see Watts about furnishing a house for us on our return from Germany; either in Brompton, or those squares near Russell Square—but do as you like; about £100 or a little more rent. Eaton Square, you know, will be shut up till Edward wants it, or he may sell it if he likes. Will you give Watts also the list of books and papers, and the clothes I want removed; and your own directions about your own things? Whatever *you* want, have removed, but don't touch the plate, dear; we'll buy some spoons and forks. Mr. Damer put his arm round his wife. 'Above all, don't forget our bouquets.'

Aunt Sarah came, stayed over night, the first time in her life, and went with Mrs. Damer to London. George Harrowby asked to go too, in case he might be useful to his aunt. Change again; everybody was getting considerate.

Mrs. Damer was expected to be away for at least five days; on the second day of her absence, Mr. Damer called Ethel and Harry into his study.

'Children, I really must go to London on some business; I may come back before your aunt. Will you be very good Harry, and obey Ethel?'

A loving look towards Ethel was Harry's answer.

The five days were over, and Mrs. Damer, Aunt Sarah, and George Harrowby returned; all three tired with work and bustle.

'Where is papa?' asked Harry.

'Papa? why at home.'

'He went up to London after you.'

'We have not seen him.'

Mrs. Damer looked anxious. What could her husband be about, not to have trusted her. A cab from Ipswich drove up; there he was.

'Ah, home before me; here I am, all hale and well.'

'Robert!'

'Well, don't scold. All right,' said Mr. Damer, 'give us a kiss, Jane, dear, and you, Aunt Sarah, and all of you. God bless you. There, I'll have a run into my study.'

They stood petrified; never had anyone seen such emotion in Mr. Damer's face. Mrs. Damer, still anxious, respected her husband's retirement, and disturbed him not.

They had come towards evening; tea was served. Mr. Damer sent

word would his wife let him have a cup by the servant, and on a slip of paper he wrote the message, 'Just try to send them all away by-and-bye, I want to see you alone in the morning-room.'

Aunt Sarah looked at Mrs. Damer: 'My dear, that man is going mad. Leave us alone, children.' The three went. 'Niece Jane, your husband will be in the county asylum before long, and you'll come to me at the Farm.'

'Don't speak so, Aunt Sarah, I cannot bear it. Have patience with the struggles of a good man.'

'Well, well, I hope it won't happen; I'll go to bed; call me if you want me. To think of such things in a decent, respectable family. Bless me!'

Aunt Sarah was gone, and Jane Damer crept to her husband's study door, knocking softly, 'Robert?'

'Yes, darling,' a tremulous voice answered from within.

'I'm alone now.'

'All right, I'll come directly.'

Mrs. Damer crept back again; presently she heard a man's step, vacillating, unsteady, as if that of a half-drunken man, and after the step, she saw her husband enter the room by the dusky light of a summer evening, haggard and pale. He came towards her, called faintly, 'Jane!' covered his face with both his hands, and shook like an aspen leaf.

'Robert, Robert, my own dear husband, what is the matter?'

'Jane, I have been. I had three days of it. I prowled about—I searched—I examined—I saw workhouses, prisons, refuges, lanes, alleys, thieves' corners, night-houses, rotten dens. I spared nothing—I paid to be let in. Jane, Jane, I worked at the Docks; here is the half-crown; and, Jane, I found that I had been the Cabinet Minister, the grand Cabinet Minister of a country whose respectability is built on the slum of mankind.'

'Robert, you are too hard; such things must be everywhere.'

'Jane, for God's sake, don't get that creed; it is wrong, I tell you, Jane;' and Mr. Damer's voice thundered forth, 'I tell you it is wrong, such things must not be in England—in my own beloved country. Are there no patriots but those who kill by sea and land? Are there no patriots who will come and help me? I shall never, never forget what I saw. Oh, it was dreadful.'

Jane trembled. Mr. Damer had thrown himself on a couch; his wife knelt by his side. A head with a frilled nightcap was put into the door, and a voice whispered:

'Jane, I heard him; do you want me?'

'No, no, aunt, he is better; it will pass over; he has been to see all the horrible places in London, and it has had a strong effect upon him.'

'Poor boy,' said Aunt Sarah, pityingly; she was thinking of his

trouble in his young days, when he had helped the poachers to escape. 'Poor boy, God bless him, he shall have all my money for them.'

The old lady, in dressing gown and nightcap, crouched down by her nephew, and kissed his hand.

'Aunt dear,' he said, 'do forgive me, I shall be better now; do go to bed, else I must run right away.'

'No, no, there, be a good boy. May God prosper your holy intentions!'

Obediently she went to her room, thinking 'There's no knowing to what people may come.'

'You won't say that again, Jane; that such things must be. That's just where we are wrong, we are so used to it; it has so grown upon us that we notice it no longer; that we have become callous. Only let us once get a social conscience, let us once stir *that* up, and I assure you we can and shall find means that our own fellow-creatures need not exist in such a state of moral and material baseness. I have had a hole drilled through the half-crown and shall wear it near me, to remember that in every weather, in heat and cold, those men are standing, the misery of a life-time on their shoulders, to earn an odd half-crown.'

'Robert, remember home.'

'Right, my dear wife, I will; I know what you mean; I'll not forget home duties, but I cannot help it. It is as if some unseen hand pushed me on. It would have been better to employ my energies in daily work. You will have patience with me; you chose your lot; in a few days we shall be gone, and I shall have time to quiet down my experience, but you *must* help me to let this experience grow into a result.'

Jane Damer cosily sat down by her husband, and quieted him by the sympathetic touch of her hand.

The next morning letters came; one for George Harrowby, from Lord Wharnton. George went into his room and read it.

'My dear George,—I am glad to see by your last, that the turn has come sooner than I hoped. You are going to work in earnest; go with the Damers to Germany, if they will take you. Your allowance you will have as usual, and as you desire it, I will pay it into the hands of the Oxford Proctor, to begin and pay off your debts. I know that I ought to have known the shoals and quicksands of the place, for I stranded on them; and being myself your guardian, I neglected a duty that ought to be fulfilled by every guardian. As you are anxious to do your best, so am I; and I will myself go up with you on your return from Germany. May you still find me, for my health is not good; I am going to Hastings to-morrow. Don't come to see me, because I dislike fuss; but be assured that you have gained the esteem of

'Your faithful guardian,

'WHARNTON.'

word would his wife let him have a cup by the servant, and on a slip of paper he wrote the message, 'Just try to send them all away by-and-bye, I want to see you alone in the morning-room.'

Aunt Sarah looked at Mrs. Damer : 'My dear, that man is going mad. Leave us alone, children.' The three went. 'Niece Jane, your husband will be in the county asylum before long, and you'll come to me at the Farm.'

'Don't speak so, Aunt Sarah, I cannot bear it. Have patience with the struggles of a good man.'

'Well, well, I hope it won't happen ; I'll go to bed ; call me if you want me. To think of such things in a decent, respectable family. Bless me !'

Aunt Sarah was gone, and Jane Damer crept to her husband's study door, knocking softly, 'Robert ?'

'Yes, darling,' a tremulous voice answered from within.

'I'm alone now.'

'All right, I'll come directly.'

Mrs. Damer crept back again ; presently she heard a man's step, vacillating, unsteady, as if that of a half-drunken man, and after the step, she saw her husband enter the room by the dusky light of a summer evening, haggard and pale. He came towards her, called faintly, 'Jane !' covered his face with both his hands, and shook like an aspen leaf.

'Robert, Robert, my own dear husband, what is the matter ?'

'Jane, I have been. I had three days of it. I prowled about—I searched—I examined—I saw workhouses, prisons, refuges, lanes, alleys, thieves' corners, night-houses, rotten dens. I spared nothing—I paid to be let in. Jane, Jane, I worked at the Docks ; here is the half-crown ; and, Jane, I found that I had been the Cabinet Minister, the grand Cabinet Minister of a country whose respectability is built on the slum of mankind.'

'Robert, you are too hard ; such things must be everywhere.'

'Jane, for God's sake, don't get that creed ; it is wrong, I tell you, Jane ;' and Mr. Damer's voice thundered forth, 'I tell you it is wrong, such things must not be in England—in my own beloved country. Are there no patriots but those who kill by sea and land ? Are there no patriots who will come and help me ? I shall never, never forget *what* I saw. Oh, it was dreadful.'

Jane trembled. Mr. Damer had thrown himself on a couch ; his wife knelt by his side. A head with a frilled nightcap was put into the door, and a voice whispered :

'Jane, I heard him ; do you want me ?'

'No, no, aunt, he is better ; it will pass over ; he has been to see all the horrible places in London, and it has had a strong effect upon him.'

'Poor boy,' said Aunt Sarah, pityingly ; she was thinking of his

trouble in his young days, when he had helped the poachers to escape. 'Poor boy, God bless him, he shall have all my money for them.'

The old lady, in dressing gown and nightcap, crouched down by her nephew, and kissed his hand.

'Aunt dear,' he said, 'do forgive me, I shall be better now ; do go to bed, else I must run right away.'

'No, no, there, be a good boy. May God prosper your holy intentions!'

Obediently she went to her room, thinking 'There's no knowing to what people may come.'

'You won't say that again, Jane ; that such things must be. That's just where we are wrong, we are so used to it ; it has so grown upon us that we notice it no longer ; that we have become callous. Only let us once get a social conscience, let us once stir *that* up, and I assure you we can and shall find means that our own fellow-creatures need not exist in such a state of moral and material baseness. I have had a hole drilled through the half-crown and shall wear it near me, to remember that in every weather, in heat and cold, those men are standing, the misery of a life-time on their shoulders, to earn an odd half-crown.'

'Robert, remember home.'

'Right, my dear wife, I will ; I know what you mean ; I'll not forget home duties, but I cannot help it. It is as if some unseen hand pushed me on. It would have been better to employ my energies in daily work. You will have patience with me ; you chose your lot ; in a few days we shall be gone, and I shall have time to quiet down my experience, but you *must* help me to let this experience grow into a result.'

Jane Damer cosily sat down by her husband, and quieted him by the sympathetic touch of her hand.

The next morning letters came ; one for George Harrowby, from Lord Wharnton. George went into his room and read it.

'My dear George,—I am glad to see by your last, that the turn has come sooner than I hoped. You are going to work in earnest ; go with the Damers to Germany, if they will take you. Your allowance you will have as usual, and as you desire it, I will pay it into the hands of the Oxford Proctor, to begin and pay off your debts. I know that I ought to have known the shoals and quicksands of the place, for I stranded on them ; and being myself your guardian, I neglected a duty that ought to be fulfilled by every guardian. As you are anxious to do your best, so am I ; and I will myself go up with you on your return from Germany. May you still find me, for my health is not good ; I am going to Hastings to-morrow. Don't come to see me, because I dislike fuss ; but be assured that you have gained the esteem of

'Your faithful guardian,

'WHARNTON.'

Change, and what a change! the cynic turned into an affectionate friend. George Harrowby felt that good deeds have their own reward; still ominously there sounded ever in his ears these words, 'Le curé, il est mort, sa fille est partie, son petit garçon est avec sa tante?' Where was that daughter?

He stood still in the middle of the room; the letter fluttered from his hand; it had given him comfort, but an inner voice said ever and ever 'Cette fille, elle est morte.'

It was done; the packages had been forwarded; instructions had been given; Aunt Sarah had remained in the house for the last night, and in the delicious, golden, even-light sat Mrs. Damer, in the window-embrasure, to rest, for she was tired. To leave that home to-morrow morning, and for ever, *as a home of her own*, seemed now to bring a strange desolate feeling. Had it been right, that she had given way to her husband's Quixotic ideas? So lovely the scene spread before her, so magical was its harmonising influence, so entrancing that glad voice of Nature, that she stretched forward her arms and spiritually embraced those grand waving trees. As she sat and as she thought, a light footfall approached her, and Ethel's fresh charming face was pressed to hers. Again Ethel knelt down and looked into her aunt's eyes—looked, that she might not speak:

'Ah, Ethel, I know what you want. You have a message?'

'Oh, aunty, I have been very good; may I not?'

'Yes, yes; and what?'

'Remember, that's all!'

'Not much, that.'

'I cannot say more; I was to remember; say I do—do, dearest aunty, and don't forget, don't forget my lonely self.'

'My own brave good girl, trust me, and my affection for you. I will write often, very often, and give the message.'

Ethel Harrowby stayed behind with Edward Damer, under the care of Aunt Sarah, who was going to leave the farm a little to the care of others, and remain with the cousins. Edward was to have his head-quarters at Newstead Hall for a few months, till he went to Cambridge, and wise Mrs. Damer had thought it best to leave Ethel here, instead of taking her to meet Zollwitz at Torgau, whither the Damers were going. Good, brave Ethel, had easily divined the motive, and consented not to go; though Mary Zollwitz had begged so hard in the pretty letter she had written to her friend.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE DAMERS IN TORGAU AND AT CASTLE FREIBERG.

'Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim,
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.'—*Virgil*.¹

'Him who does not possess much, you may call rightly happy; yet more rightly does he occupy the name of happy, who knows how to use the gifts of the gods wisely, and knows how to bear patiently hard poverty, and fears disgrace worse than hell.'

LOVELY Mary Zollwitz stood at the window, dressed in white muslin and black ribbons. She was more beautiful than Ethel, but not so enchanting. Mary expected the English guests; Professor Holmann and Christian had gone to meet them. The carriage drove up—they had come—Mr. and Mrs. Damer, Harry, and George, instead of Ethel. Mary's cheeks became tinged with a higher colour as she greeted George Harrowby; she had not forgotten Schubert's 'Silvia,' and the impression the song had made on him. A few words of sincere sympathy passed between the friends, in memory of Major Zollwitz; but not one present liked to carry their sorrow on their sleeves: it is a light trouble that you lay bare to all the world.

It was a hot July day; the travellers were weary and fatigued, but the house was so cool and quiet, that a delicious refreshing sense of repose stole over the guests, and made them believe after one short hour that they had known this place for a long time, for they felt at home. Harry was disconsolate; he could not see Zollwitz at once, and continually attacked Christian about him; but Christian was busy. The old taciturn soldier would have fetched the sky down for the English visitors with whom Hermann had lived, had it been possible; as it was, he for once played the factotum.

He knew something of English ways; had drilled the German cook into understanding some English dishes; and was trying his utmost to smooth down that feeling of strangeness which attacks us when we come into positive contact with a new nationality and its various idiosyncracies. The Damers were really for the first time abroad. Mr. Damer had once been in Paris, and not liked it; for his own character would not agree with superficial Paris life, and he had no means of looking beneath that into the *real* character of the people. How would the military exactitude of Torgau please him? Its inner life evidently did, for he

¹ 'The path must be tried by which I may be able to raise myself from the ground, and as a victor flit through the mouths of men (acquire fame).'

walked up and down the large room, once the poor Major's, as if he had been in it for years. Those two, the thoughtful German Professor, and the active English politician, were enjoying each other's company heartily—the Professor was astonished at the rapid progress Mr. Damer was making in German.

Evening came. Mrs. Damer was resting on a couch near the open window before which the acacias waved, it must be said, thinking of home. A woman loves her home more than a man; but Mrs. Damer understood the words in their right sense—'Leave those best beloved, and follow thy husband.' She had done more, for she had renounced her own inner self—her home ties—in order to follow her husband, not only bodily but spiritually. The three young people, Mary, George, and Harry, went out on the Esplanade. Harry and George heard the German conversation of passers-by; it seemed so odd to be in the midst of a new life, away from your own land. Mary was quite lively—eager to please and make others happy. But the sound of English words would again and again bring before her vision that English death-bed of her poor forlorn mother—the death-bed in the Chelsea street. That remembrance was the canker eating into her young girl's existence.

Next day the Torgau *élite* knew that some English visitors of note were with Professor Holmann and Mary Zollwitz. Every eye followed the big Englishman as he passed through the streets early in the morning. In a very short time Mr. Damer had measured the extent of the place; had stood and watched the drilling of the soldiers; had visited the ramparts; had been in the market-place; had seen the children run off to school; and had come back ready for more life and more new impressions. Ah! those who have the privilege of going and seeing other nations and other lands, do they use that privilege in the right manner?—do they not often squander it in inanimate supercilious disdain of other ways than their own; or do they not often merely catch the very skim of outside scenes, that vanish from the mind before it has photographed their images on the soul? They go and see, but make true Cowper's words:—

'Returning he proclaim'd by many a grace—
By shrugs and strange contortions of the face,
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.'

Mr. Damer was comparing and thinking—no rest with him—he would not let opportunity be wasted. After breakfast he had another turn, taking Mrs. Damer with him, to show her what he wanted her to see. The noble English couple were the theme of Torgau conversation for *that* day. The officers, as they passed, saluted them politely, the ladies

smiled when they encountered them, common folks stared, shopkeepers came out of their shops to look after them, and the rough boys said, but not too loudly, 'That is the Englisher and Mrs. Englisher.' They had seen the castle, and the chapel, and the principal church, the Guild-hall, the military hospital, and other places of note, and they were going to the school to see it in full working. Here Professor Holmann joined them, and introduced them to the rector. Mr. Damer's German and the rector's English got up a conversation, the boys watching them attentively. Mr. Damer looked over the subjects—both in the gymnasium where the boys for higher instruction were taught, where Greek, Latin, and mathematics were taken in, in preparation for college, besides the general subjects; and in the *real-schule*, reality or burgher school, where the German language, French, arithmetic, geography, history, natural science, and Biblical instruction formed the staple. Mr. Damer's impression was that the boys were thoroughly imbued with that knowledge which formed the basis of their own nationality, the foundation of *all* sound education. He saw the court-yard for gymnastic exercises, and as he passed from the boys' classes he heard their cheery voices in recitation, reading, and class singing; he understood that if their knowledge of music could not be formed their musical taste was to be directed, and the love of the best poetry of their country fostered; it was, indeed, a *real* system of education. Mr. and Mrs. Damer went over to the other side of the building, and here received a new impression; the girls had classes and teachers like the boys. Evidently these classes seemed to be of equal importance with those of the boys. Girls to be thought of importance like boys; Mrs. Damer became earnest, even anxious. She enquired into the minutiae of the instruction; she heard a lecture on ancient history for the girls, and at the same time looked over their sensible German essays. All the girls appeared modest but cheerful; good instruction did not seem to have made them rough hoydens. It must be owned that Mr. Damer scarcely understood what this meant; regular class instruction to be given to girls of the lower and higher middle classes—not the fanciful classes you may take or leave—but regular instruction from the lower forms upward. Mr. Damer's great soul responded to this appeal. Was he not enjoying the privilege of having a wife, who had sufficient good sense and sound knowledge to be his own companion? And when he looked over the ranks of these cheerful German girls, somehow the moisture came into his eyes—some inward undefined feeling took possession of him. 'Have we men been just to women's training?' he thought. Little he said as they passed out, but he seemed to hold that arm more tenderly in his own.

At home the Damers found innumerable cards. The commandant, the principal officers, the clergymen, the first medical men, the highest

'Government *employés*, the most important burghers and commercial men, the professors—all had sent their cards. Little Torgau seemed determined to do honour to the big Englishman and his beautiful wife.

Mr. Damer smiled on seeing the cards: 'Do you receive all Englishmen like this?' he said to Professor Holmann.

'No, no; but Torgau is a small concentrated place, very proud of its position, very anxious to maintain it, and ready to pay honour where honour is due.'

'Pray, what honour is due to me?' The Professor hesitated a little, looked at Mr. Damer, and said boldly:

'My dear sir, first of all, you and your family are the guests of the house of Zollwitz, and my poor self; secondly, you cannot hide your own person or your nationality, or your beautiful wife; thirdly, some undefined rumour has got about that you are a remarkable man—the Torgau *élite* wants to pay its respects to you, as it pays its respects to your authors. I believe it would astonish you to see translations of your best, and even second and third-rate writers in our libraries.'

'Really?' Here was a problem, a little confined, cramped-up place, through which he could march on a sunny summer's morning, to have so much broad cultivation. Strange, Mr. Damer had but stepped on the threshold of Germany, and here, in the tight-laced fortress, in the historical town of Germany's development, occurred a just thought to him—it's *vice-versâ*, thought he, our *material progress* has gone before our *cultivation*, their *cultivation* has gone before *material progress*; may material progress neither swamp the one nor the other! Mr. Damer was getting afraid of material progress; the half-crown was a sad reminder.

'I have a favour to ask of you,' rejoined the Professor. 'I shall go over to Halle and see Hermann Zollwitz to-day. He is not yet aware that we know you, and that you are here. Our interview with him on our return from England was rather stormy. Hermann absolutely refuses to bend to those feelings, which he says lower humanity, or rather lessen its moral courage. I want him to go with us all to the old ancestral estate of the family, to Castle Freiberg; and will you and Mrs. Damer, Mr. Harrowby and your son Harry, accompany us?'

'Most gladly, if it gives you any pleasure.'

'Then Christian must take return-cards to all the people that have called or sent this morning. You can see whom you please on our return.'

Zollwitz sat in his room at Halle. The sun was bright without, but he had shut the shutters not to see it, and had lighted a candle. That dreadful sun was playing him the oddest tricks of memory; and do what he would, he could *not* shut out tempting images of a certain sort. Kant's philosophy was surely the most incongruous and odd stuff in the world—

who would become identified with it? Hegel and Fichte were not better—much best was a little realism, moulded by the ancients into a goddess with soft brown eyes, flowing ringlets and graceful limbs, and draped by the moderns in a dainty summer costume, standing under the thick verdure of the trees round Newstead Abbey. Zollwitz heaved a big sigh, and tore his hair with both hands, scanning the philosophy. His door was unceremoniously opened, and near him stood Professor Holmann.

'Well, Hermann, studying by the glare of the candle?'

'I hate the sun's glare worse.'

'You, who used to be out from morning to night, as soon as studies were done!'

'Well, it's different; the sun hurts my eyes. But, dear Professor, how have you come?' said Hermann, getting gracious and handing his friend a chair.

'I want you to return to Torgau with me?'

'No, no, I cannot; it will kill me.'

'Will it, when I tell you who is there?'

'Who?'

'Friends from England.'

'From England! whom do you know there?'

'My dear boy, the Damers and their family.'

'The Damers and their family. Their family. Who is their family?' Zollwitz grasped the Professor's hand.

'Mr. and Mrs. Damer, their son Harry, and a nephew, Mr. Harrowby.'

'Not his sister—not Ethel? Oh, it's too bad.' Zollwitz tried to master his passion.

'Ah, Hermann, that's it. Never mind, keep it down, keep it down; it's an ugly trick the gods played us when they sent Love as a conquering hero among us. Be a man. "Try the way that will raise you up and send you forth a victor, for men to spread your fame," as Virgil says. Don't succumb, as I did, Hermann, bearing the shackles of my captivity all my lifetime.'

But Zollwitz was deaf. 'Not Ethel, not Ethel; it's too bad,' he muttered. How did *you* know them?'

'Be quiet, and I will tell you. Professor Holmann gave Hermann Zollwitz a short account of their visits to England to find him, how they had missed him, he having returned suddenly to Halle; mentioned abruptly the Major's duel with D'Alvensleben, but passed over the mother's death, not to shock his fiery pupil.

'Will you come now?'

'Decidedly; can I ever forget their goodness to a stranger and a *foreigner*, in a dependent position? My life is bound up with that family.'

On the terrace they stood, the whole circle of English and German friends, and looked out into the rising grandeur of those Silesian mountains.

'Gad, Professor, I never thought, here in the East of Germany, there was such a scene,' said Mr. Damer.

'How grand! Really, Mr. Zollwitz, this is more beautiful than Newstead Hall,' remarked Mrs. Damer.

But Zollwitz was mute, childish recollections *would* come over him, the thing Professor Holmann had feared, and his very soul could have cried out, as he did when only five years old: 'Where are they; oh, where are they?'

Harry touched him: 'Don't look so sad, Zollwitz, as you did once in Suffolk, when Aunt Sarah said you looked forlorn like; do come with me, I'm not afraid now of you, and we are all so glad to be with you.'

George Harrowby had scarcely spoken to Zollwitz, he went up to him:

'Mr. Zollwitz forgive me my repeated rudeness.'

There was something of the sister in George; it charmed away that intense misery and loneliness; Zollwitz, though pale as death, turned round and answered:

'Nothing to forgive; I ought not to have been offended.'

Zollwitz had never been a loving brother; but casting his eye on Mary, as she stood by Mrs. Damer, there came to him the remembrance of the little baby-girl.

'Mary, Mary,' he called to her, 'come to me.' He threw both arms round her, and sister and brother went away, arm in arm, to commune in sorrow, and relieve the others from this painful scene.

'Thank God,' said the Professor, 'the ice is broken! Thank you both, thank you all, to have helped me over this difficult hour. He will be manageable now, but we must leave to-night.'

Not before, though, Mr. Damer had seen a couple of real Silesian peasant villages, and had enquired after as many points of landed interest as he could. 'That's to help Aunt Sarah out of her money,' said he.

CHAPTER XL.

HERMANN ZOLLWITZ AND GEORGE HARROWBY MAKE LOVE.

Love, in its course, rides many waves,
For one who sighs—another raves,
Love it is still.

Longing,
Doubting,
Hoping,
Kissing.

Ever forming Nature's decree,
Sexes mingle—man is not free.

THEY had returned to Torgau, and Zollwitz had disappeared no one knew whither; only a few words he had left for Mary, 'Excuse me to our visitors, shall be back in three days.' In Halle he was not, for letters had come from there.

Professor Holmann and Mr. Damer were holding long consultations about the tour Mr. Damer wished to make. Mrs. Damer required rest; her body was suffering from the over-strain her mind had undergone some time previous to her leaving England. She lay on the couch near the acacia trees, thinking and dreaming, happy in the consciousness of her husband's love, but just *a little* anxious for the future. Somebody ministered unto her with delicate attention—big, soldierly, Christian. Was there no grand act of old chivalry to be done for this sweet lady? Would he not break one lance for her? Were there no enemies to be routed to show his devotion? As it was, refreshing beverages, luscious fruits, beautiful flowers, English books were always near her, by her very side, brought there by a loving, gentle spirit in an unwieldy body! Mary had lost her place in Christian's heart, and Mrs. Damer was enshrined there. Woe to the man who would have dared to annoy her!

The young folks were always together—Mary, George, and Harry. George was drinking deep draughts of something that was better than those old potions of brandies and sodas. George was drinking the elixir of love! Don't deride; in some shape we all drink it, but, if it is in the admiration for some lovely woman, there are worse things than that in the world. George was in love, this time really; he had not yet got beyond the first, the 'longing' state. 'Who the deuce,' said he, 'wouldn't be in love with this girl? Mary, sweet Mary Zollwitz. She was so ready to please friend and foe, so sympathising, so eager to help, that a ray of some angelic presence seemed to illumine the chamber she entered. She was one of those people, we say, that cannot live. And

how did Mary bear her bondage? for it is bondage to be loved. There's the secret which Mary told to no one.

The acacias were whispering about their own concerns. The summer heat had evaporated into the water draughts from the moist clouds, and the earth caught the last rays from *her sun* as she turned in her swing round her own axis. The house on the esplanade was still, nothing stirred, but Mary sat at the window near the flirting acacias. Mary, though gentle, had never been a dreamer, but a most practical, helpful girl, as many gentle women are; but Mary began to dream now. A footstep passed underneath. Whose? The summer night was clear, and Mary withdrew, withdrew into the room, for her heart beat so loudly, that she thought the person whose footstep it was would hear it. Mary stood there, her dress trailing in graceful *nonchalance* on the floor; she stood in the middle of the room, holding her hand to her heart. That footstep beneath the acacias seemed to come nearer and nearer, seemed to touch her heart. That footstep was George Harrowby's. Had it come, then, thought Mary, that love, of which she had only read, only dreamt as an impossibility, as something never to appertain to herself! Mary stood till she thought it died away, that footstep, and she would seek her own pillow and dream of it to her heart's content!

The summer morning was rising in the county of Suffolk, dimly rising in tremulous joy, and dewy freshness in rich Nature's breath, the golden rays were faintly sending forth their first grey messengers. A young man, looking flushed and hurried, had broken through the wood round Newstead Hall, and stood underneath its windows. He looked around and chose one, and began that song of Shakespeare's, in Schubert's melody:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies!
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;
With everything that's pretty bin—My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise.

The song penetrated through the Venetian blind and the open window into a young girl's room. The young girl awoke and started: 'What was it? Whose voice?' She sat up; again it began: 'Hark! hark! the lark!' The young girl fell back in a very flood of happiness and maidenly doubt, in a very glory of innocent nascent love; her hands clasped before her, her eye straining its vision beyond the Venetian blinds: 'Arise, arise,' sounded in the young girl's ears. She arose, she took the white rose she had worn the night before near her bosom; she

passed her little white hand through the aperture of the window, and threw the rose at the feet of him who had come across the sea just to serenade his lady love. Ethel returned to her bed; once more sounded 'Hark! hark!' and she lay in a tremor of hope, in a dreamy certainty that she was beloved! So much devotion seemed to throw a very glory round herself, for which she must become worthy—love, love.

A ray of him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

All was still. Ethel was down the first; she looked underneath her window and found?—a bouquet of 'Forget-me-nots,' gathered under the German willows, far away, near the River Saale—the willows praised so much by Tacitus. Mrs. Damer had given her message.

[*To be continued.*]

WEARY.

OH, but to rest awhile! to rest from strife
That as a fretting chain wears out the soul
With endless thought; to gain, and grasp the whole
Dark mystery that shrouds our earthly life,
And then to rest, to strive with doubt no more;
Unmoved to sit and watch the ceaseless wave
Of changing creeds roll onward to the shore,
And cresting break and die;—unmoved to brave
The taunts of wild fanatics, and the roar
Of halting crowds, that in their darkness rave
Against the light of reason;—and to be
Like some fair ship in sheltered haven moored,
Safe from the storm, by no vain meteor lured
To track dark phantoms o'er a pathless sea.

S. WADDINGTON.

ACTIVE CHRISTIANITY.

WE say lightly : ' It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Do we understand the vast, comprehensive principle that underlies this saying? If we did, should we make so poor a show of our social system?

It has been stated in a previous article that charity and philanthropy are selfish virtues, endowing the agent with false goodness, and heaping upon the recipient undeserved degradation. Then 'giving' in any case, many will say, must be unnecessary, if not worse; there is the 'rub'; ostentatious, charitable, and philanthropic gifts are not gifts in the 'Christian' sense.

We work, we labour, for our sustenance, for our advancement; we are successful, by some accidental combination of circumstances in ourselves or our position. Being successful, we leave somebody else behind, who is not successful. Now comes the great, the all-absorbing question of humanity : '*What is to become of that Somebody Else?*'

Christianity says : 'When thou hast kept the Commandments, then hast thou only done thy duty'—the duty by which you keep your own position as a member of society, as an *individually selfish* man. Christianity says, as the next step higher up in humanity : 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' therefore fulfilling the same duty to him as to your own personal interest; as an *individually neighbourly* man; and Christianity says lastly, as the highest step : 'Give all that thou hast to those that have not, and follow me,' carrying out the most extended human principle as a *socially Christian* man. *This is symbolical*, symbolical in idea; symbolical in meaning; being built on but one conception : 'That our acquisitions are the result of accident, therefore no portion of our own deserts, and if we can part with them, to those *that have not*, we acknowledge the principle of accident, of our own incapability, and reach the noblest point of humanity, where 'giving' is a natural consequence of existence, *not a virtue*.

The first principle, to do our duty as an *individually selfish* man, re-acts merely upon ourselves, because, by *neglecting* this principle, *we lose our position in society*; the second principle, *to do our duty to our neighbour as to ourselves*, as an *individually neighbourly* man, re-acts also upon ourselves, because by neglecting it we **ENDANGER** *our position in society*, and create a weak and inimical social grade. The third principle, to give all we have and follow *Him*, is that which symbolises true Christian human-

ity, by reducing the possession of goods to a mere casualty, to which no value can be attached, imposing upon him who *possesses* the *natural* consequence to give to him who *possesses not*. The first two principles form the staple of our society, and maintain it in working order. The third has not yet been attainable, and may not be, in a general sense, because it is symbolical. Only those who *had not* would follow; he, who *had*, would not. This symbol of true Christian 'giving' is not to take up pompous charity and philanthropy as self-sufficient virtues, necessary for the fulfilment of the *second* principle, or the *duty to our neighbour*, but to 'give' because 'giving' is a plain, simple, natural course of higher human life.

We cannot realise symbols; we can only strive to attain them in tendency; and if we wish to attain this, we must learn to give *simply* and *naturally*, not as men, whose power to give exalts those who give and lowers those who receive, but as natural companions, who give where there *is not*. Such giving never degrades, but is blessed, for is it not more blessed to give than to receive?

But why is 'giving' necessary? Because we neglect the second principle—'the duty to our neighbour as to ourselves.' We neglect it in the individual sense of private action, and in the extended sense of legislative action. We do not look back at every step of the onward course of the bodily or morally strongest (what becomes of those?) who are left behind, but we push on still, filling the gaps behind us with masses of poverty, wretchedness, nakedness, disease, and ignorance. We neither avoid pauperism nor crime by rendering strong every section of mankind, and opening for it some roads of success, but pass over the weaker elements of humanity, leaving them undeveloped, and *make* 'giving' a necessity to lessen in some measure the immediate wants of those who *have not*.

If, then, 'giving' has become a necessity through our faulty social action, how *shall* we give? Not grandly, but humbly, looking for no reward *because* we give. All good action rewards itself, because the being that is capable of good action has its own reward by *being capable* of good action, and, therefore, high in the human scale. All bad action punishes itself, because the being that is capable of bad action has its own punishment by *being capable* of bad action, and, therefore, low in the human scale. If we give, therefore, simply and naturally we are already blessed, because we are able to feel that Christian sympathy that will give *simply* and *naturally*. We are rewarded by having the *privilege* to give.

Besides those various public charitable institutions, so much in vogue in our time, whose maintenance costs so much labour and means that might be applied in a larger sense for the good of mankind, since these institutions do not reach the thousandth part of the necessity of

humanity. Besides such recognised public institutions there are more modest places that take up human need in a simpler and more unpretending way. There are those men who find refuges for the houseless, clothing for the naked, food for the hungry, instruction for the ignorant, who go into the lonely alleys of misery, and give and save, because those they give to *have not*. Near London is, among others, a plain Home, where the children are taken in promiscuously, not chosen by vote, where simple giving is advocated by a plain Christian man, who labours and works to make the little wayfarers healthy human beings, useful and honourable members of society, not charity recipients. The Home has all the elements of raising up needy mankind, not lowering it by the oppressive consciousness of undeserved degradation. At Edmonton is this offspring of the principle 'to give simply' because *they have not*; to train children and women who will go and labour again for plain Christianity among others, where society has failed in duty.

A time is coming when the active exercise of this Christian principle, that is to supplement human injustice and inequality, always receives an impetus from the lustre of the celebration of its birth. Could a few remarks have some influence to let us drive away all pomposity of goodness, and just simply advocate some plain Christian principle of giving—because *they have not*—and exercise this principle in so extended a sense that it will reverberate through every section of society, regenerating our callous feelings, and allowing us to look upon the need of mankind in a higher sense. Never mind if times are bad, or commerce dull, the money-market fluctuating, provisions dear, the maintenance of position necessary; or if friends have to be received, children to be provided for. Give simply, not ostentatiously; give simply to those *that have not*, including a blessing in the giving for yourself, and let the giving be a blessing to them who receive, by making the gift a strengthening medium for higher and juster social action. 'Giving' is as yet often badly executed, and has become a prey for lower mankind. If you give, take the trouble not to cast your gift, as it were, to the dogs, but bestow it in a Christian and rational manner. The very bestowal will work a moral benefit, if it is properly done. There are some ways for every individual to exercise Christianity, *simply* towards our fellow-men, that are left in the shade by us, and by our social indifference; to tread those ways is 'Active Christianity.' You deserve no great name for it, or to have your subscriptions paraded—you have your reward in the giving, because

'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

AMELIA LEWIS.

THE BURDEN OF THE WILLOWS.

O willows, willows, watchers by the stream;
 Unhappy sisters ! standing, one in tears,
 One in cold desolate scorn, whose branches seem
 Denied the pleasure of their woodland peers,
 Freely to spread, or, when green summer nears,
 To stretch broad leaves to meet the dew, the glow,
 Or rock them on the winds that round about you blow.

Why are you sorrowful ? About your roots
 There is long grass with lady-smocks of May;
 You hear the lark ; past you the swallow shoots
 And comes again ; through the long sunny day
 You drink the coolness ; waters in their play
 Toss waves of rippling sunshine on your breasts ;
 And under you in sleep the great round lily rests.

Why are you sorrowful, for ever grieving ?
 Your homes are in deep meadows through the days
 When all green things chant praises ; yours the weaving
 Of the long sedges of the water-ways.
 Why, while their lauds the happy woodlands raise,
 While God's good greenery is full of glee,
 Alone among the trees should you unhappy be ?

Then of the willows, she that seemed in scorn
 To stand, with upraised branches, nothing said ;
 But that unhappy one, and most forlorn,
 Who in a rain of tears hung down her head,
 From all her leaves a sighing murmur shed ;
 The weary burden of the willow-trees,
 She sang me as I lay, my head upon her knees.

' I grew beside my sister long ago
Fast by a stream, that past a church-yard wound ;
Oh, but 'twas good, a happy thing to grow
Where we might feel our roots in hallowed ground,
And daily wave our branches to the sound
Of holy chants and lauds and litanies—
We being planted there were favoured above trees !

' And I reached forth my boughs, for freely then
Our boughs abroad, as other trees, we flung—
And through the window watched the Christian men,
And watched the priest that by the altar sung.
I bowed my head when the shrill bell was rung,
And had my part in blessing and in prayer—
A favour above trees, I thought it to be there.

' But no delight like mine my sister felt,
She tossed her wanton boughs, and loved the jests
Of flippant daws that in the belfry dwelt,
Courtied their fellowship, and for their nests
Gave them her twigs ; their tales of thievish quests
Were more to her than primes or evensong,
Or the full anthem's peal that rolled the aisles along.

' And once it fell ; 'twas in the latter spring,
Alas, the bitter, long-remembered day !
When all the church was void of living thing,
And through the open window, a long ray
Of glory on the carven credence lay,
And made the great bright chalice brighter shine,
And sparkle where it stood, still charged with holy wine ;

' A daw, most vile of that vile fellowship,
Saw where it stood ; in sacrilegious freak
He went, and took the chalice by its lip,
And, from the chancel, bore it in his beak ;
But, as he flew, for such a weight too weak,
Scattered the precious wine along his flight,
That lay upon the grass, and would not sink from sight.

' He bore it to my sister, whom he bade
Close in her bosom, under branch and leaf,
To hide it. She—she took it, and was glad,
Covered it close, and jested with the thief,
Praising his daring. I, in speechless grief,
Trembling through every leaflet, stood aghast,
Waiting the doom of guilt—the doom that followed fast.

‘For soon the priest, returning, knew the theft;
He saw the wine, a long accusing trail,
Like spots of blood upon the greensward left,
Even to my sister. Of the sacred grail
He questioned her, and asked her all the tale
Of that ill deed, and who had dared profane
By theft of holy thing the consecrated fane.

‘But, lifting up her boughs towards heaven, she swore
Nothing she knew, the cup she had not seen;
Most solemnly she vowed it; but, before
From swearing she let sink her branches green,
Down shaken by their moving, from between
The chalice fell, and lying at his feet
Told to the priest her crimes, her blasphemy, and deceit.

‘And thus he spake, with sorrow in his eyes,
And in his tone, but with stern words and slow,—
“O tree, for this thy sacrilege, thy lies,
The common blessedness of trees forego,
Henceforth thy ever-lifted branches show,
That all who see thee thus may learn from thee
To shun such deeds as thine, accursed willow tree!”

‘But I hung down my boughs in shame and grief,
Weeping for her, and all that she had done;
And hang them still, and shall while any leaf
Of mine is green, or buds beneath the sun—
As we so sorrowful of trees are none!
Her straight cold branches she must ever raise,
And I must weep for her, even to the last of days!’

This was the burden of the willow-tree;
This was the song she sang me, as I lay,
What time the woods were loudest in their glee
Holding high feast, the festival of May:
And listening I forgot the flowers were gay,
And I forget the swallow where he flew,
And I forgot the lark, hung in the highest blue.

F. SCARLET POTTER.

WHY IS ENGLISH SCULPTURE UNSUCCESSFUL?

EVERY one will probably admit that the art of sculpture is at a very low ebb in this country. Indeed, when one considers the contemptuous criticism, the chorus of scorn and fury, which greets every fresh work that is produced, there is no more touching illustration of the truth that 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,' than the manner in which we still go on, erecting statue after statue, in the fond dream that our perseverance will at last be rewarded with something approaching a work of art. Not that we are the only country in which sculpture is decadent. We need go no further than France to find monuments quite as bad as our own; though the Parisians have been so happy as to have got rid of their Vendôme column, while as yet nobody has been good enough to demolish our pillar to the Duke of York. Confining ourselves however to our own island, most people, I suppose, have at some time or other asked themselves how it is that, whereas every year there are painted English pictures, and there are erected English buildings—not many perhaps, but at least some—of real merit, somehow or other, so far from any Englishman being able to produce a satisfactory piece of sculpture, in nine cases out of ten the attempts are not only failures, but result in works positively offensive. It is the purpose of the present paper to endeavour to find an answer to this question.

When amid numerous failures, there are occasional brilliant successes, the failures may be explained by minor and adventitious causes. But when failure is universal, and is the doom of men of undeniable talent, as well as of bunglers, it is clear that something is radically wrong.

If the views here suggested be correct, the decadence of sculpture is mainly due to one cause. Sculpture has failed because it has been put to a task to which it is unsuited and inadequate,—to the portraiture of individual men.

Some time ago a kind of criticism came in vogue, which perhaps at

present is not so loudly professed, but for all practical purposes is still the ruling faith. People demanded what they, respectable, middle-class citizens, had to do with Jupiters, Venuses, and the like—why should artists go on producing heathen gods and goddesses, most of whom, by all accounts, were no better than they should be? How much more reasonable, they continued, to erect statues representing real men, instead of imaginary gods; and let them, moreover, be represented as they really were. Sir Robert Peel never wore a toga in his life. Away, then, with this old-fashioned folly of draping his statue in one! Thus it came to pass that Jupiter with his thunderbolt was succeeded by Sir Robert Peel with his frock-coat.

In this realism run to prose there was, however, an element of truth. Perhaps the reader may remember Mr. Mark Twain's explanation of the painted monks and martyrs: 'When we see a monk,' he says, 'going about with a lion, and looking tranquilly up to heaven, we know that that is St. Mark. When we see a monk with a book, and a pen, looking tranquilly up to heaven, trying to think of a word, we know that that is St. Matthew. When we see a monk sitting on a rock, looking tranquilly up to heaven, with a human skull beside him, and without other baggage, we know that that is St. Jerome, because we know that he always went flying light in the matter of baggage. When we see a party looking tranquilly up to heaven, unconscious that his body is shot through and through with arrows, we know that that is St. Sebastian. When we see other monks looking tranquilly up to heaven, but having no trade-mark, we always ask who those parties are.' This is a very fair account of pseudo-classical sculpture. A young woman had a crescent put on her head, and a bow in her hand, and was dubbed Diana; a sturdy young man was clad in a lion skin, and carried a club, and he was called Hercules. Any modern Englishman might well ask what he had to do with such things as these, 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?' Well, in this case that depends. To the scholar the son of Alcmena has many interests. To all men the type of strength and endurance, call it what you will, has an eternal interest; but that conventional figure with club and lion skin, if it aims at nothing more, is interesting to neither gods nor men, however fine a name you choose to bestow on it. Its value lies neither in its name, nor in its 'trade-mark,' but is greater or less precisely as the artist approximates to the eternal ideal. If we could only abolish the classical names, and revive a little of the classical spirit, it would be the greatest boon sculpture could receive. Had the realistic critics confined themselves to banishing the clubs and bows, the lion skins, and winged sandals, their influence would have been a happy one, for these things are merely adventitious, and have become absolutely injurious by diverting the attention of artist and

spectator. But when they were not satisfied with attacking the Greek symbols, which are now meaningless, but went on to assail the Greek idealism, which can never lose its meaning, their influence became fatal, and has reduced sculpture to the dead level of prose in which it now reposes.

However, there is no need of arguing at length against the pseudo-classical school of sculpture. That is sufficiently effete. It still continues a lingering existence in the Euston Road ; but there is no apprehension that the Thames Embankment will be adorned with the conventional figures of Lempriere. The prevailing error is very different, and it is against this that the present paper is directed.

This error consists in supposing that the alternative of sham classicism is the simple portraiture of individual men.

What is it that is required in portraiture to raise it to the dignity of a Fine Art ? Certainly not the mere transcription of the features, still less the correct imitation of the coat and boots. Were that all that is wanted, the best artist would be the photographer. Clearly portraiture is only entitled to the rank of a Fine Art when the form and features are represented, not only faithfully in themselves, but also so as to convey the expression, the character, the soul within, so that we feel we have the real individual man before us. Now this is precisely a task which, with rare exceptions, it is impossible for the sculptor to achieve. If any one doubts this, let him observe the countenances of the persons with whom he is brought into contact, and consider how far they could be fixed in bronze or marble. There are faces remarkable for their mobile play of expression ; faces fair with the glow and freshness of youth ; faces with commonplace features, but those features redeemed by beautiful or expressive eyes. A moment's consideration will show how unfit these are for the sculptor. It is above all in the last respect that the art fails. It is unable to represent the eyes ; and were we not so accustomed to it, we should at once recognize how ridiculous it is to attempt to disclose individual character through an eyeless face. The expression is the joint result of all the features ; and if we fail to depict one of them, the others lose half their meaning. Of course there are exceptional cases. There are persons whose heads are really sculptural ; that is to say, they derive their beauty or dignity from the nobility of the lines and form, rather than from vivacity of expression.¹ Such faces, with their look of calm repose, the artist can make to live in the marble, but such only. And even then, there is the difficulty of costume ; and though the nineteenth century can do a great deal, it cannot conquer this. It is an observation as old as Aristotle, that ugly objects themselves

¹ For instance, the head of Napoleon I. was singularly sculptural.

often acquire an interest, and even a kind of beauty by the mere fact of imitation. But, unfortunately, the converse is also true ; and we know by painful experience that a coat, which on a man's back looks a very creditable specimen of tailoring, becomes a most ungainly spectacle when imaged out in bronze. Thus, in modern times, the artist is forced to sacrifice either truth or beauty. The sacrifice of truth condemns his work as a portrait, the sacrifice of beauty condemns it as a work of art.

But even if sculpture were far better adapted to portraiture than is the case, its character as a fine art would be materially endangered by so exclusively devoting it to this end. Painting possesses all the qualifications for portraiture which sculpture lacks ; and the man who can stand before a portrait by Titian without feeling its artistic genius must be dull indeed. But yet I suppose everyone will admit that if painters confined themselves chiefly to this work, the creative and imaginative faculty would be so discouraged as to seriously injure portraiture itself. In works of the second rank this is still more obvious. Who is there who does not derive more pleasure from the simplest sketch on the walls of the academy, than from the colossal 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' or from 'The Mayor of Mudborough, painted by desire of the Corporation?' If then in the case of painting,—the art of all others eminently suited to portraiture,—we feel that works of imagination ought greatly to preponderate over portraits, how is it that in the case of sculpture, an art eminently ill-suited to portraiture, for one work of imagination to adorn our cities we erect a dozen portrait statues ?

The Greeks were wiser in their generation. Among them every winner of the Olympic games obtained a statue, but only to him who had been thrice victorious was a portrait statue erected.

'Too many indifferent portraits,' says Lessing, 'were not allowed to find a place amongst the productions of art ; for, although a portrait admits of the ideal, this last must be subordinate to the likeness ; it is the ideal of an individual man, and not the ideal of man in the abstract.' Yet the Greeks had not the difficulties of modern costume to contend with, and no doubt in their representation of the thrice victorious athlete, were satisfied with indicating the characteristic features, while they devoted their main attention to the study and reproduction of the finely developed body.

It is only by following the example of the Greeks that sculpture can be restored in this country. Instead of endeavouring to produce likenesses of individual men, to which the art is generally incompetent, let sculptors direct their energies to rendering the human body, in which their art is unrivalled. We know the admiration ungrudgingly bestowed on every battered limb from an antique statue. If this admiration is genuine, how is it that modern artists are called upon not to create

human limbs and forms of equal beauty, but to produce an accurate copy of a pair of riding-boots, or a cocked-hat? Of course it is not pretended that nothing but the nude is to be desired. Drapery may be graceful, and if any man feels called on to set forth folds falling in beautiful lines and curves, in Heaven's name let him do so. Still, however, let it be recognized that the human body is not only the subject best fitted for sculpture, but by far the noblest on which it can employ its energies. It may be remarked, also, that it is in the treatment of the body, at least as much as in the face, that emotion may be expressed by the sculptor. Lessing finely points out that whereas Virgil in the story of Laocoon tells us that the serpents wound themselves twice round both the body and neck of their victim, with their heads towering high above him :

*Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis ;*

the sculptor, on the other hand, left the upper parts of the frame as free as possible, in order to disclose the play of the suffering nerves and working muscles.¹

What then is the practical conclusion to which we come? It is this. That we should cease to attempt the impossible, and give up vainly endeavouring to adorn our cities with the present class of statues. For example, instead of studding the Thames Embankment with a row of bronze figures dressed in the costume of the nineteenth century, our ambition should be to decorate it with works of imagination—single statues and groups of sculpture—in which the first aim should be that which now appears to be the last—Ideal Beauty. Nor is there any reason to despair. Even under the present miserable system there are signs of plastic skill which give good hopes of what English artists might do in a healthier state of the art. The lions in Trafalgar Square would meet with admiration enough from Englishmen, were they in some foreign city. Moreover, though doubtless with a considerable interval, we approach the Greeks in our opportunities for studying finely-developed forms in action. There are plenty of athletic contests which might afford to an artist capable of appreciating them some of the lessons the Greek sculptor learned from the palaestra, and probably the finest English physique is one which has never been surpassed.

But, it may be said, are then great men to be forgotten, and to depart from among us without a monument of their presence? By no means. All that is here urged leads to a very different conclusion, viz., that they should be depicted by an art which is competent to depict them, instead of by one which is incompetent. Instead of scattering these miserable

¹ See 'Lessing's Laocoon.' Trans. by E. C. Beasley; p. 41.

scarecrows of statues about our streets, let us have a National Portrait Gallery, in which shall be preserved portraits of all great Englishmen. Their memory will not lose by the change ; since, for one who can appreciate a work of sculpture, there are twenty who are capable of interest in a painting.

H. E. P. PLATT.

SONNETS.

'Our prayers are prophets.' Father, be it so!
 My dream became a thought—my thought desire,
 Desire a prayer, whose living wings aspire
 Unceasingly Thine awful will to know.
 Such prayers as with our being's essence glow,
 (The flush of a deep instinct's holy fire).
 With earnest pulses rising high and higher,
 Absorbing by intensity earth's woe ;
 Prayers that, when other invocations fail,
 '*By the reality of Sorrows,*' cry.
 Or, to enforce the pathos of their wail,
 '*By thine All-might,*' '*by Love,*' '*Eternity,*'—
 O let such pleadings by their truth prevail,
 Such prayers be prophets of our Destiny.

FAR off my dream, and yet unearthly fair
 The vision of thy beauty in my heart,
 Hov'ring between my thought and its despair,
 And mercifully keeping them apart.
 Sweet as the mother's lullaby which brings
 Forgetfulness 'twixt infancy and tears ;
 Calm as the misty shade time wisely flings
 Between to-day, and past or future years.
 Dear as the last fond look the lover holds
 Between his heart and doubt's oppressive gloom,
 Blest as the radiant vista Faith unfolds,
 To part the mourner from eternal doom.
 Thus thou with me, my dream of comfort stay !
 My Hope, my Life in Death, pass not away !

MILLICENT O'HARA.

CARMILLA.

BY SHERIDAN LE FANU.

CHAPTER I.

AN EARLY FRIGHT.

IN Styria, we, though by no means magnificent people, inhabit a castle, or schloss. A small income, in that part of the world, goes a great way. Eight or nine hundred a year does wonders. Scantily enough ours would have answered among wealthy people at home. My father is English, and I bear an English name, although I never saw England. But here, in this lonely and primitive place, where everything is so marvellously cheap, I really don't see how ever so much more money would at all materially add to our comforts, or even luxuries.

My father was in the Austrian service, and retired upon a pension and his patrimony, and purchased this feudal residence, and the small estate on which it stands, a bargain.

Nothing can be more picturesque or solitary. It stands on a slight eminence in a forest. The road, very old and narrow, passes in front of its drawbridge, never raised in my time, and its moat, stocked with perch, and sailed over by many swans, and floating on its surface white fleets of water-lilies.

Over all this the schloss shows its many-windowed front ; its towers, and its Gothic chapel.

The forest opens in an irregular and very picturesque glade before its gate, and at the right a steep Gothic bridge carries the road over a stream that winds in deep shadow through the wood.

I have said that this is a very lonely place. Judge whether I say truth. Looking from the hall door towards the road, the forest in which our castle stands extends fifteen miles to the right, and twelve to the left. The nearest inhabited village is about seven of your English miles to the left. The nearest inhabited schloss of any historic associations, is that of old General Spielsdorf, nearly twenty miles away to the right.

I have said 'the nearest *inhabited* village,' because there is, only three miles westward, that is to say in the direction of General Spielsdorf's schloss, a ruined village, with its quaint little church, now roofless, in the aisle of which are the mouldering tombs of the proud family of Karnstein, now extinct, who once owned the equally desolate chateau which, in the thick of the forest, overlooks the silent ruins of the town.

Respecting the cause of the desertion of this striking and melancholy spot, there is a legend which I shall relate to you another time.

I must tell you now, how very small is the party who constitute the inhabitants of our castle. I don't include servants, or those dependents who occupy rooms in the buildings attached to the schloss. Listen, and wonder! My father, who is the kindest man on earth, but growing old; and I, at the date of my story, only nineteen. Eight years have passed since then. I and my father constituted the family at the schloss. My mother, a Styrian lady, died in my infancy, but I had a good-natured governess, who had been with me from, I might almost say, my infancy. I could not remember the time when her fat, benignant face was not a familiar picture in my memory. This was Madame Perrodon, a native of Berne, whose care and good nature in part supplied to me the loss of my mother, whom I do not even remember, so early I lost her. She made a third at our little dinner party. There was a fourth, Mademoiselle De Lafontaine, a lady such as you term, I believe, a 'finishing governess.' She spoke French and German, Madame Perrodon French and broken English, to which my father and I added English, which, partly to prevent its becoming a lost language among us, and partly from patriotic motives, we spoke every day. The consequence was a Babel, at which strangers used to laugh, and which I shall make no attempt to reproduce in this narrative. And there were two or three young lady friends besides, pretty nearly of my own age, who were occasional visitors, for longer or shorter terms; and these visits I sometimes returned.

These were our regular social resources; but of course there were chance visits from 'neighbours' of only five or six leagues distance. My life was notwithstanding rather a solitary one, I can assure you.

My *gouvernantes* had just so much control over me as you might conjecture such sage persons would have in the case of a rather spoiled girl, whose only parent allowed her pretty nearly her own way in everything.

The first occurrence in my existence, which produced a terrible impression upon my mind, which, in fact, never has been effaced, was one of the very earliest incidents of my life which I can recollect. Some people will think it so trifling that it should not be recorded here. You will see, however, by-and-bye, why I mention it. The nursery, as it was called, though I had it all to myself, was a large room in the upper

story of the castle, with a steep oak roof. I can't have been more than six years old, when one night I awoke, and looking round the room from my bed, failed to see the nursery-maid. Neither was my nurse there; and I thought myself alone. I was not frightened, for I was one of those happy children who are studiously kept in ignorance of ghost stories, of fairy tales, and of all such lore as makes us cover up our heads when the door creaks suddenly, or the flicker of an expiring candle makes the shadow of a bed-post dance upon the wall, nearer to our faces. I was vexed and insulted at finding myself, as I conceived, neglected, and I began to whimper, preparatory to a hearty bout of roaring; when to my surprise, I saw a solemn, but very pretty face looking at me from the side of the bed. It was that of a young lady who was kneeling, with her hands under the coverlet. I looked at her with a kind of pleased wonder, and ceased whimpering. She caressed me with her hands, and lay down beside me on the bed, and drew me towards her, smiling, I felt immediately delightfully soothed, and fell asleep again. I was wakened by a sensation as if two needles ran into my breast very deep at the same moment, and I cried loudly. The lady started back, with her eyes fixed on me, and then slipped down upon the floor, and, as I thought, hid herself under the bed.

I was now for the first time frightened, and I yelled with all my might and main. Nurse, nursery-maid, housekeeper, all came running in, and hearing my story, they made light of it, soothing me all they could meanwhile. But, child as I was, I could perceive that their faces were pale with an unwonted look of anxiety, and I saw them look under the bed, and about the room, and peep under tables and pluck open cupboards; and the housekeeper whispered to the nurse: 'Lay your hand along that hollow in the bed; someone *did* lie there, so sure as you did not; the place is still warm.'

I remember the nursery-maid petting me, and all three examining my chest, where I told them I felt the puncture, and pronouncing that there was no sign visible that any such thing had happened to me.

The housekeeper and the two other servants, who were in charge of the nursery, remained sitting up all night; and from that time a servant always sat up in the nursery until I was about fourteen.

I was very nervous for a long time after this. A doctor was called in, he was pallid and elderly. How well I remember his long saturnine face, slightly pitted with small pox, and his chestnut wig. For a good while, every second day, he came and gave me medicine, which of course I hated.

The morning after I saw this apparition I was in a state of terror, and could not bear to be left alone, daylight though it was, for a moment.

I remember my father coming up and standing at the bedside, and

talking cheerfully, and asking the nurse a number of questions, and laughing very heartily at one of the answers; and patting me on the shoulder, and kissing me, and telling me not to be frightened, that it was nothing but a dream and could not hurt me.

But I was not comforted, for I knew the visit of the strange woman was *not* a dream; and I was *awfully* frightened.

I was a little consoled by the nursery-maid's assuring me that it was she who had come and looked at me, and lain down beside me in the bed, and that I must have been half-dreaming not to have known her face. But this, though supported by the nurse, did not quite satisfy me.

I remember, in the course of that day, a venerable old man, in a black cassock, coming into the room with the nurse and housekeeper, and talking a little to them, and very kindly to me; his face was very sweet and gentle, and he told me they were going to pray, and joined my hands together, and desired me to say, softly, while they were praying, 'Lord hear all good prayers for us, for Jesus' sake.' I think these were the very words, for I often repeated them to myself, and my nurse used for years to make me say them in my prayers.

I remember so well the thoughtful sweet face of that white-haired old man, in his black cassock, as he stood in that rude, lofty, brown room, with the clumsy furniture of a fashion three hundred years old, about him, and the scanty light entering its shadowy atmosphere through the small lattice. He kneeled, and the three women with him, and he prayed aloud with an earnest quavering voice for, what appeared to me, a long time.

I forget all my life preceding that event, and for some time after it is all obscure also, but the scenes I have just described stand out vivid as the isolated pictures of the phantasmagoria surrounded by darkness.

CHAPTER II.

A GUEST.

I AM now going to tell you something so strange that it will require all your faith in my veracity to believe my story. It is not only true, nevertheless, but truth of which I have been an eye-witness.

It was a sweet summer evening, and my father asked me, as he sometimes did, to take a little ramble with him along that beautiful forest vista which I have mentioned as lying in front of the schloss.

'General Spielsdorf cannot come to us so soon as I had hoped,' said my father, as we pursued our walk.

He was to have paid us a visit of some weeks, and we had expected his arrival next day. He was to have brought with him a young lady, his niece and ward, Mademoiselle Rheinfeldt, whom I had never seen, but whom I had heard described as a very charming girl, and in whose society I had promised myself many happy days. I was more disappointed than a young lady living in a town, or a bustling neighbourhood can possibly imagine. This visit, and the new acquaintance it promised, had furnished my day dream for many weeks.

‘And how soon does he come?’ I asked.

‘Not till autumn. Not for two months, I dare say,’ he answered. ‘And I am very glad now, dear, that you never knew Mademoiselle Rheinfeldt.’

‘And why?’ I asked, both mortified and curious.

‘Because the poor young lady is dead,’ he replied. ‘I quite forgot I had not told you, but you were not in the room when I received the general’s letter this evening.’

I was very much shocked. General Spielsdorf had mentioned in his first letter, six or seven weeks before, that she was not so well as he would wish her, but there was nothing to suggest the remotest suspicion of danger.

‘Here is the general’s letter,’ he said, handing it to me. ‘I am afraid he is in great affliction; the letter appears to me to have been written very nearly in distraction.’

We sat down on a rude bench, under a group of magnificent lime-trees. The sun was setting with all its melancholy splendour behind the sylvan horizon, and the stream that flows beside our home, and passes under the steep old bridge I have mentioned, wound through many a group of noble trees, almost at our feet, reflecting in its current the fading crimson of the sky. General Spielsdorf’s letter was so extraordinary, so vehement, and in some places so self-contradictory, that I read it twice over—the second time aloud to my father—and was still unable to account for it, except by supposing that grief had unsettled his mind.

It said ‘I have lost my darling daughter—for as such I loved her. During the last days of dear Bertha’s illness I was not able to write to you. Before then I had no idea of her danger. I have lost her, and now learn *all*, too late. She died in the peace of innocence, and in the glorious hope of a blessed futurity. The fiend who betrayed our infatuated hospitality has done it all. I thought I was receiving into my house innocence, gaiety, a charming companion for my lost Bertha. Heavens! what a fool have I been! I thank God my child died without a suspicion of the cause of her sufferings. She is gone without so much as conjecturing the nature of her illness, and the accursed passion of the agent of all this misery. I devote my remaining days to tracking and

extinguishing a monster. I am told I may hope to accomplish my righteous and merciful purpose. At present there is scarcely a gleam of light to guide me. I curse my conceited incredulity, my despicable affectation of superiority, my blindness, my obstinacy—all—too late. I cannot write or talk collectedly now. I am distracted. So soon as I shall have a little recovered, I mean to devote myself for a time to enquiry, which may possibly lead me as far as Vienna. Some time in the autumn, two months hence, or earlier if I live, I will see you—that is, if you permit me; I will then tell you all that I scarce dare put upon paper now. Farewell. Pray for me, dear friend.'

In these terms ended this strange letter. Though I had never seen Bertha Rheinfeldt my eyes filled with tears at the sudden intelligence; I was startled, as well as profoundly disappointed.

The sun had now set, and it was twilight by the time I had returned the general's letter to my father.

It was a soft clear evening, and we loitered, speculating upon the possible meanings of the violent and incoherent sentences which I had just been reading. We had nearly a mile to walk before reaching the road that passes the schloss in front, and by that time the moon was shining brilliantly. At the drawbridge we met Madame Perrodon and Mademoiselle De Lafontaine, who had come out, without their bonnets, to enjoy the exquisite moonlight.

We heard their voices gabbling in animated dialogue as we approached. We joined them at the drawbridge, and turned about to admire with them the beautiful scene.

The glade through which we had just walked lay before us. At our left the narrow road wound away under clumps of lordly trees, and was lost to sight amid the thickening forest. At the right the same road crosses the steep and picturesque bridge, near which stands a ruined tower which once guarded that pass; and beyond the bridge an abrupt eminence rises, covered with trees, and showing in the shadows some grey ivy-clustered rocks.

Over the sward and low grounds a thin film of mist was stealing, like smoke, marking the distances with a transparent veil; and here and there we could see the river faintly flashing in the moonlight.

No softer, sweeter scene could be imagined. The news I had just heard made it melancholy; but nothing could disturb its character of profound serenity, and the enchanted glory and vagueness of the prospect.

My father, who enjoyed the picturesque, and I, stood looking in silence over the expanse beneath us. The two good governesses, standing a little way behind us, discoursed upon the scene, and were eloquent upon the moon.

Madame Perrodon was fat, middle-aged, and romantic, and talked and sighed poetically. Mademoiselle De Lafontaine—in right of her father, who was a German, assumed to be psychological, metaphysical, and something of a mystic—now declared that when the moon shone with a light so intense it was well known that it indicated a special spiritual activity. The effect of the full moon in such a state of brilliancy was manifold. It acted on dreams, it acted on lunacy, it acted on nervous people; it had marvellous physical influences connected with life. Mademoiselle related that her cousin, who was mate of a merchant ship, having taken a nap on deck on such a night, lying on his back, with his face full in the light of the moon, had wakened, after a dream of an old woman clawing him by the cheek, with his features horribly drawn to one side; and his countenance had never quite recovered its equilibrium.

‘The moon, this night,’ she said, ‘is full of odylic and magnetic influence—and see, when you look behind you at the front of the schloss, how all its windows flash and twinkle with that silvery splendour, as if unseen hands had lighted up the rooms to receive fairy guests.’

There are indolent states of the spirits in which, indisposed to talk ourselves, the talk of others is pleasant to our listless ears; and I gazed on, pleased with the tinkle of the ladies’ conversation.

‘I have got into one of my moping moods to-night,’ said my father, after a silence, and quoting Shakespeare, whom, by way of keeping up our English, he used to read aloud, he said:

“In truth I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I got it—came by it.”

‘I forget the rest. But I feel as if some great misfortune were hanging over us. I suppose the poor general’s afflicted letter has had something to do with it.’

At this moment the unwonted sound of carriage wheels and many hoofs upon the road, arrested our attention.

They seemed to be approaching from the high ground overlooking the bridge, and very soon the equipage emerged from that point. Two horsemen first crossed the bridge, then came a carriage drawn by four horses, and two men rode behind.

It seemed to be the travelling carriage of a person of rank; and we were all immediately absorbed in watching that very unusual spectacle. It became in a few moments greatly more interesting, for just as the carriage had passed the summit of the steep bridge, one of the leaders taking fright communicated his panic to the rest, and after a plunge or two the whole team broke into a wild gallop together, and dashing

between the horsemen who rode in front, came thundering along the road towards us with the speed of a hurricane.

The excitement of the scene was made more painful by the clear, long-drawn screams of a female voice from the carriage window.

We all advanced in curiosity and horror; my father in silence, the rest with various ejaculations of terror.

Our suspense did not last long. Just before you reach the castle drawbridge, on the route they were coming, there stands by the roadside a magnificent lime-tree, on the other stands an ancient stone cross, at sight of which the horses, now going at a pace that was perfectly frightful, swerved so as to bring the wheel over the projecting roots of the tree.

I knew what was coming. I covered my eyes, unable to see it out, and turned my head away; at the same moment I heard a cry from my lady-friends, who had gone on a little.

Curiosity opened my eyes, and I saw a scene of utter confusion. Two of the horses were on the ground, the carriage lay upon its side with two wheels in the air; the men were busy removing the traces, and a lady, with a commanding air and figure, had got out, and stood with clasped hands, raising the handkerchief that was in them every now and then to her eyes. Through the carriage door was now lifted a young lady, who appeared to be lifeless. My dear old father was already beside the elder lady, with his hat in his hand, evidently tendering his aid and the resources of his schloss. The lady did not appear to hear him, or to have eyes for anything but the slender girl who was being placed against the slope of the bank.

I approached; the young lady was apparently stunned, but she was certainly not dead. My father, who piqued himself on being something of a physician, had just had his fingers to her wrist and assured the lady, who declared herself her mother, that her pulse, though faint and irregular, was undoubtedly still distinguishable. The lady clasped her hands and looked upward, as if in a momentary transport of gratitude; but immediately she broke out again in that theatrical way which is, I believe, natural to some people.

She was what is called a fine looking woman for her time of life, and must have been handsome; she was tall, but not thin, and dressed in black velvet, and looked rather pale, but with a proud and commanding countenance, though now agitated strangely.

'Was ever being so born to calamity?' I heard her say, with clasped hands, as I came up. 'Here am I, on a journey of life and death, in prosecuting which to lose an hour is possibly to lose all. My child will not have recovered sufficiently to resume her route for who can say how long. I must leave her; I cannot, dare not, delay. How far on, sir,

can you tell me, is the nearest village? I must leave her there; and shall not see my darling, or even hear of her, till my return, three months hence.'

I plucked my father by the coat, and whispered earnestly in his ear: 'Oh! papa, pray ask her to let her stay with us—it would be so delightful. Do, pray.'

'If madame will entrust her child to the care of my daughter, and of her good *gouvernante*, Madame Perrodon, and permit her to remain as our guest, under my charge, until her return, it will confer a distinction and an obligation upon us, and we shall treat her with all the care and devotion which so sacred a trust deserves.'

'I cannot do that, sir, it would be to task your kindness and chivalry too cruelly,' said the lady, distractedly.

'It would, on the contrary, be to confer on us a very great kindness at the moment when we most need it. My daughter has just been disappointed by a cruel misfortune, in a visit from which she had long anticipated a great deal of happiness. If you confide this young lady to our care it will be her best consolation. The nearest village on your route is distant, and affords no such inn as you could think of placing your daughter at; you cannot allow her to continue her journey for any considerable distance without danger. If, as you say, you cannot suspend your journey, you must part with her to-night, and nowhere could you do so with more honest assurances of care and tenderness than here.'

There was something in this lady's air and appearance so distinguished, and even imposing, and in her manner so engaging, as to impress one, quite apart from the dignity of her equipage, with a conviction that she was a person of consequence.

By this time the carriage was replaced in its upright position, and the horses, quite tractable, in the traces again.

The lady threw on her daughter a glance which I fancied was not quite so affectionate as one might have anticipated from the beginning of the scene; then she beckoned slightly to my father, and withdrew two or three steps with him out of hearing; and talked to him with a fixed and stern countenance, not at all like that with which she had hitherto spoken.

I was filled with wonder that my father did not seem to perceive the change, and also unspeakably curious to learn what it could be that she was speaking, almost in his ear, with so much earnestness and rapidity.

Two or three minutes at most I think she remained thus employed, then she turned, and a few steps brought her to where her daughter lay, supported by Madame Perrodon. She kneeled beside her for a moment and whispered, as Madame supposed, a little benediction in her ear; then hastily kissing her she stepped into her carriage, the door was closed,

the footmen in stately liveries jumped up behind, the outriders spurred on, the postillions cracked their whips, the horses plunged and broke suddenly into a furious canter that threatened soon again to become a gallop, and the carriage whirled away, followed at the same rapid pace by the two horsemen in the rear.

CHAPTER III.

WE COMPARE NOTES.

WE followed the cortege with our eyes until it was swiftly lost to sight in the misty wood; and the very sound of the hoofs and the wheels died away in the silent night air.

Nothing remained to assure us that the adventure had not been an illusion of a moment but the young lady, who just at that moment opened her eyes. I could not see, for her face was turned from me, but she raised her head, evidently looking about her, and I heard a very sweet voice ask complainingly, 'Where is mamma?'

Our good Madame Perrodon answered tenderly, and added some comfortable assurances.

I then heard her ask :

'Where am I? What is this place?' and after that she said, 'I don't see the carriage; and Matska, where is she?'

Madame answered all her questions in so far as she understood them; and gradually the young lady remembered how the misadventure came about, and was glad to hear that no one in, or in attendance on, the carriage was hurt; and on learning that her mamma had left her here, till her return in about three months, she wept.

I was going to add my consolations to those of Madame Perrodon when Mademoiselle De Lafontaine placed her hand upon my arm, saying :

'Don't approach, one at a time is as much as she can at present converse with; a very little excitement would possibly overpower her now.'

As soon as she is comfortably in bed, I thought, I will run up to her room and see her.

My father in the meantime had sent a servant on horseback for the physician, who lived about two leagues away; and a bedroom was being prepared for the young lady's reception.

The stranger now rose, and leaning on Madame's arm, walked slowly over the drawbridge and into the castle gate.

In the hall servants waited to receive her, and she was conducted forthwith to her room.

The room we usually sat in as our drawing-room is long, having four windows, that looked over the moat and drawbridge, upon the forest scene I have just described.

It is furnished in old carved oak, with large carved cabinets, and the chairs are cushioned with crimson Utrecht velvet. The walls are covered with tapestry, and surrounded with great gold frames, the figures being as large as life, in ancient and very curious costume, and the subjects represented are hunting, hawking, and generally festive. It is not too stately to be extremely comfortable ; and here we had our tea, for with his usual patriotic leanings he insisted that the national beverage should make its appearance regularly with our coffee and chocolate.

We sat here this night, and with candles lighted, were talking over the adventure of the evening.

Madame Perrodon and Mademoiselle De Lafontaine were both of our party. The young stranger had hardly lain down in her bed when she sank into a deep sleep ; and those ladies had left her in the care of a servant.

‘How do you like our guest ?’ I asked, as soon as Madame entered. ‘Tell me all about her ?’

‘I like her extremely,’ answered Madame, ‘she is, I almost think, the prettiest creature I ever saw ; about your age, and so gentle and nice.’

‘She is absolutely beautiful,’ threw in Mademoiselle, who had peeped for a moment into the stranger’s room.

‘And such a sweet voice !’ added Madame Perrodon.

‘Did you remark a woman in the carriage, after it was set up again, who did not get out,’ inquired Mademoiselle, ‘but only looked from the window ?’

‘No, we had not seen her.’

Then she described a hideous black woman, with a sort of coloured turban on her head, who was gazing all the time from the carriage window, nodding and grinning derisively towards the ladies, with gleaming eyes and large white eye-balls, and her teeth set as if in fury.

‘Did you remark what an ill-looking pack of men the servants were ?’ asked Madame.

‘Yes,’ said my father, who had just come in, ‘Ugly, hang-dog looking fellows, as ever I beheld in my life. I hope they mayn’t rob the poor lady in the forest. They are clever rogues, however ; they got everything to rights in a minute.’

‘I dare say they are worn out with too long travelling,’ said Madame ; ‘Besides looking wicked, their faces were so strangely lean, and dark.

and sullen. I am very curious, I own ; but I dare say the young lady will tell us all about it to-morrow, if she is sufficiently recovered.'

'I don't think she will,' said my father, with a mysterious smile, and a little nod of his head, as if he knew more about it than he cared to tell us.

This made me all the more inquisitive as to what had passed between him and the lady in the black velvet, in the brief but earnest interview that had immediately preceded her departure.

We were scarcely alone, when I entreated him to tell me. He did not need much pressing.

'There is no particular reason why I should not tell you. She expressed a reluctance to trouble us with the care of her daughter, saying that she was in delicate health, and nervous, but not subject to any kind of seizure—she volunteered that—nor to any illusion ; being, in fact, perfectly sane.'

'How very odd to say all that!' I interpolated, 'It was so unnecessary.'

'At all events it *was* said,' he laughed, 'and as you wish to know all that passed, which was indeed very little, I tell you. She then said, "I am making a long journey of *vital* importance—she emphasized the word—rapid and secret ; I shall return for my child in three months ; in the meantime, she will be silent as to who we are, whence we come, and whither we are travelling." That is all she said. She spoke very pure French. When she said the word "secret," she paused for a few seconds, looking sternly, her eyes fixed on mine. I fancy she makes a great point of that. You saw how quickly she was gone. I hope I have not done a very foolish thing, in taking charge of the young lady.'

For my part, I was delighted. I was longing to see and talk to her ; and only waiting till the doctor should give me leave. You, who live in towns, can have no idea how great an event the introduction of a new friend is, in such a solitude as surrounded us.

The doctor did not arrive till nearly one o'clock ; but I could no more have gone to my bed and slept, than I could have overtaken, on foot, the carriage in which the princess in black velvet had driven away.

When the physician came down to the drawing-room, it was to report very favourably upon his patient. She was now sitting up, her pulse quite regular, apparently perfectly well. She had sustained no injury, and the little shock to her nerves had passed away quite harmlessly. There could be no harm certainly in my seeing her, if we both wished it ; and, with this permission, I sent, forthwith, to know whether she would allow me to visit her for a few minutes in her room.

The servant returned immediately to say that she desired nothing more.

You may be sure I was not long in availing myself of this permission.

Our visitor lay in one of the handsomest rooms in the schloss. It was, perhaps, a little stately. There was a sombre piece of tapestry opposite the foot of the bed, representing Cleopatra with the asps to her bosom; and other solemn classic scenes were displayed, a little faded, upon the other walls. But there was gold carving, and rich and varied colour enough in the other decorations of the room, to more than redeem the gloom of the old tapestry.

There were candles at the bed side. She was sitting up; her slender pretty figure enveloped in the soft silk dressing gown, embroidered with flowers, and lined with thick quilted silk, which her mother had thrown over her feet as she lay upon the ground.

What was it that, as I reached the bed-side and had just begun my little greeting, struck me dumb in a moment, and made me recoil a step or two from before her? I will tell you.

I saw the very face which had visited me in my childhood at night, which remained so fixed in my memory, and on which I had for so many years so often ruminated with horror, when no one suspected of what I was thinking.

It was pretty, even beautiful; and when I first beheld it, wore the same melancholy expression.

But this almost instantly lighted into a strange fixed smile of recognition.

There was a silence of fully a minute, and then at length *she* spoke; *I* could not.

'How wonderful!' she exclaimed, 'Twelve years ago, I saw your face in a dream, and it has haunted me ever since.'

'Wonderful, indeed!' I repeated, overcoming with an effort the horror that had for a time suspended my utterances. 'Twelve years ago, in vision or reality, *I* certainly saw you. I could not forget your face. It has remained before my eyes ever since.'

Her smile had softened. Whatever I had fancied strange in it, was gone, and it and her dimpling cheeks were now delightfully pretty and intelligent.

I felt reassured, and continued more in the vein which hospitality indicated, to bid her welcome, and to tell her how much pleasure her accidental arrival had given us all, and especially what a happiness it was to me.

I took her hand as I spoke. I was a little shy, as lonely people are, but the situation made me eloquent, and even bold. She pressed my hand, she laid hers upon it, and her eyes glowed, as, looking hastily into mine, she smiled again, and blushed.

She answered my welcome very prettily. I sat down beside her, still wondering; and she said:

'I must tell you my vision about you; it is so very strange that you and I should have had, each of the other so vivid a dream, that each should have seen, I you and you me, looking as we do now, when of course we both were mere children. I was a child, about six years old, and I awoke from a confused and troubled dream, and found myself in a room, unlike my nursery, wainscoted clumsily in some dark wood, and with cupboards and bedsteads, and chairs, and benches placed about it. The beds were, I thought, all empty, and the room itself without anyone but myself in it; and I, after looking about me for some time, and admiring especially an iron candlestick, with two branches, which I should certainly know again, crept under one of the beds to reach the window; but as I got from under the bed, I heard someone crying; and looking up, while I was still upon my knees, I saw *you*—most assuredly you—as I see you now; a beautiful young lady, with golden hair and large blue eyes, and lips—your lips—you, as you are here. Your looks won me; I climbed on the bed and put my arms about you, and I think we both fell asleep. I was roused by a scream; you were sitting up screaming. I was frightened, and slipped down upon the ground, and, it seemed to me, lost consciousness for a moment; and when I came to myself, I was again in my nursery at home. Your face I have never forgotten since. I could not be misled by mere resemblance. You *are* the lady whom I then saw.'

It was now my turn to relate my corresponding vision, which I did, to the undisguised wonder of my new acquaintance.

'I don't know which should be most afraid of the other,' she said, again smiling—'If you were less pretty I think I should be very much afraid of you, but being as you are, and you and I both so young, I feel only that I have made your acquaintance twelve years ago, and have already a right to your intimacy; at all events it does seem as if we were destined, from our earliest childhood, to be friends. I wonder whether you feel as strangely drawn towards me as I do to you; I have never had a friend—shall I find one now?' She sighed, and her fine dark eyes gazed passionately on me.

Now the truth is, I felt rather unaccountably towards the beautiful stranger. I did feel, as she said, 'drawn towards her,' but there was also something of repulsion. In this ambiguous feeling, however, the sense of attraction immensely prevailed. She interested and won me; she was so beautiful and so indescribably engaging.

I perceived now something of langour and exhaustion stealing over her, and hastened to bid her good night.

'The doctor thinks,' I added, 'that you ought to have a maid to sit up with you to-night; one of ours is waiting, and you will find her a very useful and quiet creature.'

'How kind of you, but I could not sleep, I never could with an attendant in the room. I shan't require any assistance—and, shall I confess my weakness, I am haunted with a terror of robbers. Our house was robbed once, and two servants murdered, so I always lock my door. It has become a habit—and you look so kind I know you will forgive me. I see there is a key in the lock.'

She held me close in her pretty arms for a moment and whispered in my ear, 'Good night, darling, it is very hard to part with you, but good night ; to-morrow, but not early, I shall see you again.'

She sank back on the pillow with a sigh, and her fine eyes followed me with a fond and melancholy gaze, and she murmured again 'Good night, dear friend.'

Young people like, and even love, on impulse. I was flattered by the evident, though as yet undeserved, fondness she showed me. I liked the confidence with which she at once received me. She was determined that we should be very near friends.

Next day came and we met again. I was delighted with my companion; that is to say, in many respects.

Her looks lost nothing in daylight—she was certainly the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, and the unpleasant remembrance of the face presented in my early dream, had lost the effect of the first unexpected recognition.

She confessed that she had experienced a similar shock on seeing me, and precisely the same faint antipathy that had mingled with my admiration of her. We now laughed together over our momentary horrors.

[*To be continued.*]

MIDNIGHT CONFESSION.

(FROM CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.)

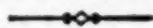
At the dreary midnight hour,
 Strikes the clock, as if it said
 'Mortals, to what use, what power,
 Have ye put the day just dead?
 From our lips the words unbidden
 In despairing chorus fell
 (No one string of ours being hidden),
 'We have lived as dogs in hell !'
 'We have cursed and blasphem'd Jesus,
 Holiest, kindest God of all ;
 And beneath the board of Cresus,
 Fawn'd we for the crumbs that fall ;
 And to please the brute who buys us,
 Soul and body, with his gold,
 Flatter'd those who must despise us,
 Spurn'd the hands we ought to hold !
 'In our slavish melancholy,
 Sick at heart, our heads we bow
 To the hideous monster, Folly—
 Folly with the bull-like brow ;
 Till we gibe at all that raises
 Mankind from the brutes accurst,
 Heaping still our fulsome praises
 On the loathsome and worst.
 'And to crown our ghastly madness,
 We, the high priests of the eyre—
 We, whose theme is joy and sadness,
 Half akin to ours, but higher—
 We, before our songs were spoken,
 Stoop'd to carnal base delight ;—
 Hurl the lamp down ; when 'tis broken
 We can hide us in the night !'

H. CURWEN.

ON PHYSICAL EDUCATION :

THE TURN-VEREIN IN ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE BARRACLOUGH, M.A., M.R.C.S.



WERE any foreigner to make a casual inspection of the long list of athletic sports which have been held in various parts of the country during the last few years, he might, without further information, possibly come to the conclusion that physical education was widely spread and systematically cultivated amongst all classes of Englishmen. And yet the really existing state of things amongst us would by no means warrant such a conclusion.

It is quite possible for merely competitive gatherings of an athletic kind to take place frequently, whilst the very grammar of systematic bodily culture is absolutely neglected with the majority. Further, such gatherings may exert, as they undoubtedly do amongst ourselves, a repressing and hurtful influence on the development of physical education of a primary and systematic character. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that there is an awakening interest in corporeal culture, which, if it is not wisely directed, is at least some improvement on the apathy of times past. Not more than twenty years ago such systematic culture of the bodily powers of our youths as might counteract the injurious effects of their long hours of study and confinement, was the last thing contemplated in the public schools of large towns. Indeed, the aspirations of not a few parents and preceptors appeared to be quite satisfied if they could only succeed in converting their boys into walking Greek Lexicons, as if they had then realised the most catholic type of humanity. As a result of all this, it happened that only too many scholars left their studies with a torpid liver, an unexpanded chest, a weak heart, an impaired digestion, an over-excited brain, and a biceps no larger than a pack thread. And thus the foundation was laid for life-long ailments which a wiser system of culture would have done much to render impossible.

A more wholesome system prevailed amongst the ancient Greeks. It was a case—there is every reason to believe—quite exceptional amongst them, which elicited the unsparing censures of Socrates. The memorable interview of that philosopher with the young Epigenes contains such admirable remarks on the value of physical education that it will furnish a sort of text for my subject. The narrative runs as follows:—‘How little like an athlete you are in body, Epigenes?’ ‘Indeed, Socrates, I am not an athlete,’ he replied. ‘You are not less an athlete,’ affirmed Socrates, ‘than those who are about to contend at the Olympic games. Does that deadly struggle with the enemy, which the Athenians will some day demand of you, appear to you a trifling matter . . . Nor¹ because the State does not publicly require the performance of warlike exercises ought we for that reason, to neglect them in private, but rather to practise them the more diligently. For be well assured that neither in any other contest, nor in any undertaking whatever, will you come off the worse because your body is more highly disciplined than that of other men. For in all human affairs the body must bear its part; and in all undertakings required of the body it is of paramount importance that the body should be as highly developed as possible. Moreover, in that wherein you imagine the body participates least of all, viz: in thinking, who knows not that many fail grievously from an ill-condition of the body. And oftentimes obliviousness, imbecility, petulance and insanity, from the same cause, assail the mind even to the extent of obliterating all acquired knowledge. . . . Lastly, it is disgraceful for anyone to grow old in self-neglect without knowing how comely and powerful in body he might become; and this he cannot know who neglects his body. For these qualities are not wont to develop themselves spontaneously.’²

In the above extract Socrates arranges the advantages of physical education under four heads:—1st. Its fitting the citizen, in the highest degree, for the duty of defending his country against the assault of foes. 2nd. As rendering him more dexterous in whatever occupation may fall to his lot in life. 3rd. As rendering his mind more fit for the strain of intellectual activity. 4th. As a means of self-knowledge—of satisfying the famous maxim of the Greeks *γνῶθι σεαυτόν* (know thyself).

If, as I hope will appear in the sequel, physical education is not less useful in our own age, for the purposes just enumerated, than it was two thousand years ago, it will be as well, so far as convenient, to discuss the subject according to the above arrangement.

It is chiefly for the middle classes that athletic training is necessary;—for those who are confined for the greater portion of the day in shops,

¹ In Sparta, a State law made gymnastic exercises obligatory.

² Xenophon. *Memorabilia*. Lib. xix. cap. 12.

offices, counting-houses, and class rooms. The labouring classes, and especially those of them who are occupied in the open air, have little need of gymnastic work. However, as an admirable recreation, and as a means of correcting that inharmonious development of frame which is a consequence of following any special form of labour, it were to be wished that the poorer classes had more opportunities afforded them of cultivating the art of dancing. The main reason why the lower classes of this country are so much more slouchy and ungainly in their movements than the corresponding classes of continental nations, and especially those of the South, arises from the fact that amongst these latter the art of dancing is almost universal. One hardly knows how much life can be thrown into a quadrille till one sees it danced by the peasantry of the south of France. But amongst the most ignorant peasantry of the South the proprieties are as strictly observed on the village green as in any drawing-room : a state of things difficult to ensure here.

If, as I venture to think, systematic bodily culture should, by the law of the land, be obligatory on all classes, the members of which rank above the labouring population ; what exercises are most suitable, and most calculated to attain the end desired ? Any system of exercises which may be proposed must satisfy certain conditions. It must be inexpensive, it must be efficient, it must be within the reach of all whom it may concern. And that system which experience has demonstrated to best satisfy these conditions, both abroad and in this country, so far as it has been tried, is the gymnastic. It is true, we have some admirable open-air exercises, such as boating, cricketing and running. But boating is expensive, and a navigable river is not everywhere at hand ; cricketing, too, is only possible during the summer months : so these exercises, whatever value may attach to them, are out of question for the objects in view. Gymnastics, on the other hand, satisfy, or may be made to satisfy, all the conditions required.

That gymnastic exercises may be practised inexpensively, and be brought, both as to times and localities, within the reach of all whom they may concern, has been manifested by the success which has crowned the efforts of the Germans to establish their Turn-Verein in London. That gymnastics, also, satisfy the condition of efficiency no one can doubt who is practically acquainted with them. They attain that end of all rational culture of the corporeal frame, viz., the harmonious development of *all* the muscles of the body. Some exercises may develop certain groups of muscles as highly or more highly than any gymnastic training. But this is done at the expense of other portions of the muscular system, which remain uncared for ; and thus is produced an inharmonious and awkward character of body. A blacksmith has a chest and shoulders like Hercules, whilst his lower extremities are feeble and ill-

developed. A mere running man has powerful legs, but weak arms; and so on of others.

A well-planned system of gymnastics, on the contrary, does not merely promote the growth of this or that muscle, it does something more which is of the highest importance; it develops a power of producing the largest number of co-ordinations, *i.e.*, it teaches a man how best to use any group of muscles with any other group, or, in other words, it puts a man in possession of the largest number of combined movements; and he who can perform the largest number of such movements, is the most perfect athlete. It will be seen that the development of any muscle in point of size does not necessarily confer the power of using that muscle to the greatest advantage in combination with other muscles. A case in point is furnished by the muscles of the tongue and larynx. It can hardly happen that all the muscles connected with these organs should not be fairly developed, as regards size, in learning to speak even one language, and yet how very difficult it is for people even moderately advanced in life to learn those combinations of muscular action, and that precise degree of contraction, or relaxation necessary to the utterance of any unfamiliar sound, as in a foreign tongue, for instance. Of course, in this case, the acquired difficulty resulting from long habitude is added to the natural difficulty; and thus foreign languages are best learned by those who are young. Yet it is just possible to imagine such an education of the organs of speech in early life, quite independently of any special language—a sort of vocal gymnastics, in fact—which might confer the power of acquiring special languages at any period of life, so far as vocalisation is concerned. What, for the sake of illustration, we have supposed vocal gymnastics doing for the acquisition of languages, it is quite certain a system of gymnastics has actually done to promote the easy performance of movements required in any occupation in which the body must take its share.

It is quite true that the movements and muscular co-ordinations of which the human form is capable, are almost infinite in number; and that to acquire all these in detail is neither desirable nor possible. Nor does the art of gymnastics aim at doing this. Its aim is to exercise the muscles in such a manner as to produce the most harmonious development of all parts of the body, and, as a consequence, to enable a man to acquire with the greatest facility, and to carry out in the best form, the movements required by any occupation in life which may fall to his lot. So that if destined for military service he falls in with the necessary exercises quite naturally, whether they be of cavalry, infantry, or artillery. Possibly the recent improvement in fire arms will make greater demands on the personal activity of combatants, and consequently render gymnastic training a more necessary part of the soldier's education than here-

tofore. Especially in mountain warfare, and in operations against savage tribes, our troops appear to fall short of what their courage might easily attain, if they had a gymnastic education. Was not this manifested in the New Zealand campaign, and would not a handful of well trained gymnasts have operated more effectively against the unhappy Maories, than the line regiments sent against them? Moreover, citizens gymnastically trained afford a body of men inured to fatigue; a circumstance of incalculable value where military contingencies are in view. And seeing that the great continental powers have recently made gymnastic exercises obligatory on nearly the whole of their male populations capable of bearing arms, it surely behoves us not to be behind in this matter.¹

In the occupations of civil life also, a gymnastic education is eminently useful, for it develops that skill and promptitude which are as serviceable in the every-day details, as in the emergencies of life. In all trades in which much bodily exertion is required, much time is saved, and much risk of injury avoided by knowing how to use the muscular apparatus to the greatest advantage, and without making needless exertions. To the surgeon, especially, a knowledge of gymnastics is useful; not merely because he may be called upon to give advice in respect to bodily exercises, but because gymnastics develop both sides of the body, and give the surgeon that dexterity with his left hand which is of signal service in the operative part of his profession. To the obstetrician, likewise, a cultivated left hand is of paramount importance. In short, a wise system of gymnastics is a master art—a key to all bodily exercises. I, of course, include under gymnastics, boxing, wrestling, and sword-exercise. The first of these, in addition to the education it gives the eye, exercises a larger number of muscles at one time than any exercise whatever; it is

¹ If my memory does not deceive me, gymnastic exercises were made obligatory throughout the schools of France by the Emperor's government, some three or four years ago. But I have reason to believe that the law was never efficiently carried out, possibly from political considerations. The above was written before the outbreak of the Franco-German war. But I conceive the events of the recent campaign tend to prove the value of that for which I contend. In olden times armies were marched and counter-marched for a month or ten weeks before they came into actual contact. And thus troops were gradually seasoned and accustomed to fatigue before going into action. The events of the late war, however, have made us aware that an army is swiftly moved by rail to the region of operations, and that then everything may depend on the prompt execution of forced and rapid marches extending over only a few days. To what extent would a volunteer force such as our own and with its present system of training, be capable of doing a hard day's fighting after a forced march of twenty or thirty miles. Innumerable German civilians who are maintained in fair general training by the exercises of their gymnasia are capable of doing good service under such circumstances.

especially rich in co-ordinations. These three supplement what is learned on the racks, and render a gymnastic education perfect.

But are not gymnastics, someone may ask, dangerous ; and are they not likely to cause disease ? These are fair questions, and I have no desire to shun them. I do not know what exercises under the sun are wholly exempt from the possibility of accident. I have seen an amputation necessitated by the blow of a cricket ball ; and only the other day a professional cricketer was killed by a blow from the same missile. Fatal accidents from boating are recorded every season ; and mishaps in the hunting field and on the ice are of frequent occurrence. On the whole, I venture to think that the practice of gymnastics is fraught with less danger of serious accident than almost any sport amongst us ; always providing that such practice is pursued with the proper precautions, and with sound apparatus. Perhaps it were better the flying trapeze were banished from every gymnasium designed for the use of amateurs ; for I quite agree with Mr. Ravenstein, that nothing beneficial, in the way of exercise can be done on it, which cannot be as well done on the ordinary racks.

So much, in reply to the first objection ; and now to the second. Gymnastics, to a certain extent, partake of the nature of concentrated exercise, and as such may lead to results the reverse of wholesome, if the proper precautions be not taken. But the same may be affirmed, with more force, of other strong exercises, such as rowing and running. In the admirable system pursued at the Turn-halle, any danger of the kind we are contemplating, is reduced to a minimum. In that institution, all exercise is performed in squads ; so that each man, between every effort, enjoys an interval of repose. In this way, nerve, artery, and muscle, are enabled to recruit themselves before making a fresh exertion. And here we see a wise deference to physiological principles, which is not surprising in the Germans, seeing that their medical men take a large share in the exercises of the gymnasium. Indeed, world-renowned physiologists, like Virchow and Du Bois Raymond, are amongst the foremost gymnasts of Germany. The latter it was, I think, who wrote a treatise in defence of the parallels, when certain Swiss came into Germany, and uttered blasphemy against that apparatus. I cannot insist too strongly on the necessity for this period of rest between each effort, seeing its practice is based on the soundest physiological principles, as well as upon the teachings of experience. It is the great advantage of gymnastic exercises that they admit such a period of repose, which is not the case with running and rowing, where racing is in question.

There is a common and not wholly unfounded opinion that severe and long-continued exertion gives rise to heart disease. But the fear, in respect to the heart, is not a little exaggerated. A castle is not stronger

than its weakest point, and all castles have not the same weakness. Whatever makes a great strain on the vital power, such as habitually severe exertion—whether of mind or body—has a tendency to seek out the weakest point of the organisation ; and that point is different in different individuals. A consequence of severe bodily exercise may be that the kidneys break down, because they are unable to bear the strain put upon them in eliminating the increased detritus thrown off from the tissues ; the heart meanwhile working admirably. Again, the lungs or nerves may be the organs which suffer ; the heart and kidneys remaining free from any primary affection. There is no knowing to how many diatheses or kinds of break-down any human frame may be liable. And it would happen, where there is a nearly equal tendency to two or more such, that that organ would first suffer on which the stress of work is most laid ; though, be it observed, that no organ works wholly independently of others. Some organs, indeed, are occasionally so strong that no strain on the vital power seems capable of affecting them ; other organs meanwhile breaking down, and producing, perhaps, a fatal result before the former can be affected. Of course, where the heart is even fairly strong, but with a very faint tendency to suffer from over-exertion lurking in its original constitution—much more so if it be weak—the possessor of it must, if he will indulge in competitions requiring extravagant activities, expect them to search out his weak point. Every one familiar with practice in the East End hospitals knows that the class of men denominated ‘ballast-heavers,’ suffer rather more than other labourers from heart-disease. These men are paid, not by the day, but by the piece ; and consequently they have a pecuniary interest in compressing as much labour as possible into an ordinary working day. But even in their case, it is likely that other causes than great muscular exertion co-operate to affect their organs of circulation. They are great drinkers ; they are exposed to all weathers ; they get into great perspirations ; and hence contract severe colds, and rheumatic affections which exert an especially damaging action on the heart, even on the aortic valves. So that, even in the case of these men, though they do the severest work of which the human frame is capable, disease of the heart from mere muscular effort may not be quite so frequent as is commonly supposed.¹ I have gone a little into detail on this part of the subject, because some needless alarm has recently been excited with reference to cardiac disease.

¹ Mountaineers are a sort of natural athletes ; and it would be interesting to know whether they are more subject to cardiac disease than those who dwell in plains ; or whether the diathesis has become eliminated in course of time, by a process of ‘natural selection’—to use a phrase popular in the scientific world just at present. As regards elimination, ballast-heavers do not furnish a case in point, as they are recruited from the outside world.

I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the amount of disease prevented by the practice of athletic exercises, immensely preponderates over any that is incurred in their pursuit; especially when the precautions are taken upon which I have dwelt.

Although I do not regard athletic competitions as an unmixed evil, yet from the extreme spirit in which they have been carried on of late, no little distrust of athletics has been excited in the outside world. The occasionally unedifying results of this spirit, would be more tolerable if the long list of competitions we have lately seen in the daily papers, really indicated a general and wholesome system of athletics as prevailing throughout the country. But of this they are certainly no indication, however much an improvement on the past. Large sums of money are subscribed every year as prizes for those few who have the opportunities of running and rowing;—mostly persons who have the least need of any extraneous inducements to exercise. Sums are collected, sufficiently large in the aggregate, to provide buildings in which, not scores, but thousands could receive instruction. Let such means of physical education be first provided, and then let competitions and prizes follow if need be: we have begun at the wrong end. Let us contrast our mode of procedure with that of the Germans, as set forth in a paragraph of the annual report of Mr. Ravenstein, President of the Turn-verein, speaking as the mouthpiece of the council.¹ I quote, verbatim, the somewhat German idiom of the original:—

'The Society has always been sparing in offering prizes for public competition. Our energies were directed towards providing ample accommodation for carrying on gymnastic exercises. We have succeeded in this almost beyond our hopes, and we think that in this we have done more to promote physical education than if we had offered hundreds of prizes for competition. But though aware of the abuses to which athletics may give rise, we are not quite willing to forego the advantages which they undoubtedly afford, if carried on in a proper spirit, if the exercises are of real practical value, and promotive of harmonious development. The latter object we endeavour to attain by awarding the highest honour to a set of exercises similar in character to the Pentathlon of ancient Greece.'

In no grudging spirit have the founders of the Turn-halle provided accommodation for carrying out their system of physical education. In face of our constant failures in organising, with a view to social and other objects, it is not a little remarkable that the German residents in London should have subscribed some £10,000 to build and furnish their capacious hall, in itself a monument of the taste and ingenuity of German

¹ Annual report (1867) of the German Gymnastic Society (Deutscher Turn-verein), King's Cross, by E. G. Ravenstein, President.

architecture. And, strange to say, the English members seem quite at home in a building devoid of those darling accessories, paint and stucco. But, most of all, praise is due to the Germans for the spirit of discipline in which their system of education is carried out. If the council of the Turn-verein ever relax that discipline which is the best feature of their institution, they will forfeit much of that claim to our gratitude which they have justly earned up to the present time. For if there is a thing which our youth need at the present hour it is discipline. Any system of athletics which merely develops the muscles without infusing at the same time a spirit of order and discipline, is a dire evil indeed. Any system which solely turns out educated ruffians would leave us in a far worse state than that in which we were twenty years ago ; and the fact that English athletics are pursued in such a disorderly manner, coupled with some recent disgraceful acts of ruffianism where they might least be expected, shows that our culture, whether physical or otherwise, is not bearing the right sort of fruit. That there is little chance of our athletics emulating the order and self-governance of the Germans is attributable to the fact that the older and more educated portion of the community are unable to grasp the idea of systematic physical education being a matter of the vast importance which it really is. Athletics are regarded solely as a *sport*, and as such are left to develop themselves in a spirit of disorder and undiscipline.

Should athletic exercises be incumbent on all ; are not some constitutions too weak, some ages too tender for them ? I would have gymnastic training made obligatory on all youths of the middle and upper classes, as much so as a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, provided, in any case, there is no medical evidence of unfitness. There will always be persons whom St. Paul, borrowing the language of Epimenides, designated 'slow bellies,' persons without any muscular inspiration. But for these especially a gymnastic training is needful ; inasmuch as they must do some work in the world, it is as well they should learn to do it as little awkwardly as is possible with them, and to acquire some of that alertness and intelligent direction of effort which a gymnastic training develops. There is little fear of such persons injuring themselves by going beyond the minimum of work assigned. As to age, everyone knows, or ought to know, that young children are quite as sensible of fatigue as they are of cold, and need to be protected from the one quite as much as from the other. The wisest proceeding in their case is to provide them with open spaces, and leave them to their own spontaneous activities, which are generally abundant enough in early years. There is no objection, however, to their being accustomed to simple mass exercises as an introductory course of discipline, and discipline cannot be learned too early. I would not put children to rack

exercises before puberty ; after that age the higher course may be commenced with safety.

Perhaps some will think I ought to say something about gymnastics in reference to the prevention and cure of disease. As to any curative effects, not a little quackery has already been mixed up with the subject, which makes me the less disposed to say anything in this reference. I should not be surprised if, to-morrow, we hear gymnastics vaunted as a cure for all maladies under the sun ; much to the injury of gymnastics, and of the health of patients. But as regards preventive agency a few words may not be out of place. I have dwelt upon the positive aid that gymnastics are in the occupations of life ; and if, when pursued in moderation, they have the power to prevent those evils of which Socrates has drawn so vivid a picture, and others also which I have enumerated, this is an additional reason why we should be in earnest about them. This is an age in which, by reason of the extreme sub-division of labour, a specially depressing influence is exerted by its monotonous character, and therefore recreation, as well as rest, is necessary. And as a recreation, gymnastic exercises contrast favourably with a constitutional walk between two long lines of bricks and mortar, which leaves both mind and body unrefreshed and uninvigorated. During this latter kind of exercise the mind is still driven in upon itself. The man of business still meditates on cash columns, and the state of the markets ; the barrister on his causes ; the man of science on problems and affinities. But in gymnastic exercises the attention must be concentrated on the work in hand if the athlete wishes to avoid, to say the least, a very inconvenient tumble, or a very ugly blow from an antagonist. And here we see a very effective means of developing a habit of attention to the phenomena of the external world, most serviceable to minds too exclusively devoted, by natural bias, to the contemplation of facts in the world subjective. Even the most intellectual persons are born with some, and many such with a very large share of physical energy. Buonaparte could bear more fatigue than any man in his army. Plato excelled as a gymnast, and such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. Had it been the fashion, in the days of Plato, to suppress athletic culture of the muscular sense, on the supposition that the expansion of the intellect was benefitted thereby, then Plato would not have studied gymnastics under the Argive wrestler Ariston, and we should have missed much of the charm, not to say much of the wisdom, of the famous dialogues. I say 'wisdom' advisedly, because the intellect must have food, must have ideas, and what more fruitful source of ideas than the muscular sense,—that primary sense which most helps us to a knowledge of the objective world into which we are born. And failing the cultivation of this sense, we are apt not to realise the power of organised and intelligent

matter over that unorganised, and the potentialities of our individual frames, when skill and intelligence are brought to bear on them in friendly antagonism with those of others. We fail, also, to realise in its full enjoyment the association of this sense with the wonderful mechanics of our bodies. We deem it a finer thing to scrutinize the smallest muscular fibrils under the microscope, than to experience the feelings which are associated with these when they exist in their highest development. The Greek did not peer at ultimate fibrils through the microscope, but Plato did think it a humane and wise thing to cultivate in a high degree, the feelings associated with these in their fullest development. For he places gymnastics and medicine at the head of all other arts that minister to the welfare of the body, calling them the mistresses of these latter; but to gymnastics he assigns the pre-eminence over medicine; and deservedly, so far as gymnastics render medicine needless. The Greeks had not our anatomical knowledge; they did not write nor read so many books, nor make so many diagrams *about* the body, but they did by their system of culture develop, with one exception, the highest type of humanity this globe has ever seen: and surely this was something.

The middle classes of Germany have done well, in recent times, to emulate the physical culture of the Greeks, for they were becoming possessed, if we may believe their craniologists, of the most disproportionately large crania of all the nations of Europe. Indeed, the disproportionate size of the cranium appears to be on the increase amongst the peoples of Western Europe generally. They possess a cranical development much larger than the ideal standard of the Greeks permitted. The loss of balance occasioned by this disproportionate development of brain is not without its inconveniences. So long as a body is necessary to man, so long will the sensory feelings associated with it be a necessary source of information to the intellect; and when these feelings are impoverished, some fruit of intellect will be wanting; the healthy balance of life will be imperilled, and so far there is loss. Perhaps some type which should approximate the Apollo Belvidere in its proportions between the three great cavities of the body, but not so nicely balanced as to result in quietism, would be the best for both mental and corporeal activities. It would gain the largest number of marks, in the aggregate, for all exercises. At the same time, I do not mean to affirm that there is not some gain in disproportion within reasonable limits. That athlete who possesses a disproportionate size of pelvis, or length of limb, or of heel, will easily acquire pre-eminence in a few special exercises; but it is the Belvidere type which will obtain the largest number of marks in the aggregate. There is danger where any nation develops one disproportion very largely. It is the object of physical, intellectual, and spiritual gymnastics to avert this.

In inculcating the necessity for a broad system of gymnastic training, I have no wish to add to that high-pressure in all the occupations of life which has attained such huge dimensions of late ; but rather to aim at providing something which shall make life more enjoyable without that universal striving after honours and emoluments which ruins the health and often the morality of a nation. That enormous strain on the vital powers in early life, consequent on the open competition for trade and place which characterises the present age, has for result the gradual elimination of the best and strongest blood in the nation ; the weak and animal elements only being left. And this process it is which insensibly brings a nation to the verge of irrevocable decay. There is no greater mistake for either the individual or the nation than the crowding of the work of sixty years into thirty. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the flash of inspiration will oftenest only shine forth after the strain of agonistic work. The thunder and the lightning, bred of the storm, have their functions in the economy of nature, though we do not need them every day. And the more apathetic of its neighbours, will, at least for a time, lie at the mercy of that nation which shows a generous prodigality of effort. Avoiding the Scylla of universal strain, it is equally necessary to shun the Charybdis of Chinese stagnation.

Although firmly impressed with the necessity and the utility of athletic culture, and with the fact of its being one of the great wants of this country ; yet, for the very reason that I should be sorry to see such culture added to the list of exhaustive agencies already too fatally in operation amongst us, I would especially have amateurs remember that there is danger in emulating professionals. Professional athletes have no other demand on their vital power than that made by their speciality ; whereas amateurs have other calls on their vitality arising from their occupation in life, intellectual or whatever it may be. If amateurs will do the work of professionals and their own work besides, they must expect to suffer. In their case, athletic training should hold a necessary, but subordinate place.

I cannot leave the subject without saying a few words about the physical education of women. I have drawn, as I think, a not unfaithful picture of the state of physical culture, or rather want of culture, which once existed, and still to a great extent exists amongst the male youth of our middle classes, and there is only too good reason to apprehend the advent of a similar state of things amongst our youth of the female sex. When we consider what the results are likely to be on the health of young girls, there is something really appalling in the list of studies for them put forth by the University of London and other examining bodies. In this list we find anatomy, physiology, botany, chemistry, history, logic, languages, mathematics and political economy. But not

one word is said about any means for ascertaining whether physical culture has gone hand in hand with all this mind work ; and without such culture this latter will prove a curse rather than a blessing. Every day, the unwholesome manner in which our young girls are bred up is bearing its bitter fruit, in hysteria, in insanity, and in disorder of all the bodily functions. But what may be expected when the high-pressure of intellectual work is added to the existing state of things ; when young women emulate the work of young men, or even enter into competition with them ? Just imagine a girl senior wrangler united in marriage to one of those overwrought youths we have sketched above, and the result of such an alliance on the next generation, if indeed there should be a next generation of any kind. 'But,' someone may remark, 'you would not have girls undergo gymnastic training ; what need have females for any muscular development ?' Of course, bearing in mind the etymology of the word, it is not polite to speak of gymnastics in reference to women ; calisthenics, I believe, is the fashionable term. But of the kind of exercise I will speak shortly ; let me first consider what necessity exists for the muscular development of the female organisation.

Neither their duties in life, nor their physical organisation, render it desirable, nor even possible, that women should perform the kind and amount of exercise requisite for men ; and any system of exercises which circumstances may render it necessary to design for women, should have for its prime object the fitting of them in the highest possible degree for those duties in life which are peculiar to them as women. All culture, whether of mind or body, should tend to render the contrast between the sexes as great as possible. This is a fundamental doctrine which should never be absent from the mind of educators ; and I venture to think that a wisely-planned system of physical culture for women need not have any tendency to diminish this contrast ; but would rather enhance it. Undoubtedly some persons will object that any exercises which bring the muscles strongly into play, would diminish the grace and feminine character of women. On this point we can hardly have any better authority than the Greeks ; and that they did not consider a certain amount of muscular development destructive of female grace and beauty is manifested by those exquisite models of womanhood which have been the admiration of ages. Pre-eminent among these masterpieces stands the Venus of Milo. On the superb shoulders of this statue the muscles can be literally counted ; on the neck and throat every fold of skin, manifesting that muscular action which is a token of the soul within, is indicated. Contrast with this—the work of a later age—the Venus of Naples, a lifeless copy of the Milo, by an artist utterly incapable of apprehending the spirit of his original. But here we have something which would doubtless chime in with modern tastes. Glance at the

lifeless shoulders, smoothed down and laden with fat; regard the inanimate neck, which might be carved out of a boiled turnip, so far as any sign of animation is expressed on its surface. The author of this adipose Venus has stolen the attitude of the Milo, without discerning how that attitude is the outcome of soul inseparably associated with that glorious development of muscle which constitutes its external manifestation. Again, the tunicated Diana of Gabii is familiar to every one; and here what elasticity of limb—all the grace and spring of a panther; nay, more, the grace of a woman most highly bred. In the portrait of the elder Agrippina we have something which will easily bear comparison with the languid type of modern times. Here, the forests of Germany, the deserts of Syria, seafaring and land-travel, have done their work, and left that superbly-disciplined frame which we see: a higher type of ladyhood than is manifested in the portrait of any Greek woman that has come down to us. And yet, of all these types, can anyone affirm that their muscular development has diminished rather than increased the charm of their womanhood. Perhaps so; 'de gustibus' is a proverb; only I do not, on physiological grounds, admit the ideal of anyone so affirming.

It is undeniable that women suffer many ailments, both of mind and body, from deficient exercise; and ailments from this cause are remarkably common amongst women of the middle class; partly from that use of machinery in all the productive arts of life, which has the effect of mercilessly overworking so many women, whilst so many others have come in this way to live in idleness; as well as from their regard for a false standard, which makes it imperative for them to sacrifice all better culture to luxurious ostentation and selfish indolence. It is alleged that the garments worn by the Emperor Augustus were made and fashioned by the ladies of his own family. But not only do young ladies of modern times not make their father's garments—a thing not desirable—they cannot even make their own. All domestic work has come to be regarded as menial—as if any work *could*, simply in itself, be menial. Even when the state of maternity demands it, our modern heroine is oftentimes found unequal to the task of nursing her own infant; its back is so held as to grow out at an acute angle; its head is allowed to loll over arm, till it is a wonder how it contrives not to drop off from its shoulders. Seeing that this is the state of things, and that some enterprising persons—perceiving whither all this luxury and indolence are tending—have provided inducements to a higher culture in the direction of mathematics and political (not household) economy, involving sedentary habits and exhaustive competition—it behoves us, in despair of any specialized or domestic training (which is 'menial'), to devise some general system of physical education for women which shall fit them to perform, with less difficulty than heretofore, the practical duties of life; and

prevent not only common ailments, but also those of a worse kind which are sure to follow in the wake of high intellectual endeavour.

With admirable insight into a great want of our time, the council of the Turn-verein has organised a ladies' class, under the guidance of M. Schweizer, their talented gymnasiarch, who has perfected a system of physical education for women, in such accordance with their organisation as his wide knowledge of the physiological bearings of exercise eminently qualify him to carry out. This system might be introduced, with the greatest benefit, into all schools for ladies where mathematics and political economy are to be studied. But foremost amongst healthy exercises for young women stands the art of dancing ; though dancing, as commonly practised, is rather injurious than otherwise. To be of any real service as an exercise, dancing should be practised in moderation, not less frequently than every other day, in order that the muscles may not become relaxed and unfit for exercise in the interval. As custom now is, dancing is performed at much longer intervals, chiefly in the winter, and to such late hours in the morning, that young girls are laid up half the next day with an attack of what is technically known as 'gymnasium fever.' As much as possible, this exercise should be enjoyed in the open air ; for crowded and ill-ventilated ball-rooms are anything but wholesome places when the lungs are in vigorous action. Indeed, what is more fitted for terpsichorean exercise than an English lawn ? Though why it is so little used for the purpose it is hard to say.

I have hitherto considered the systematic physical education of women as a means of guarding against ordinary ailments, and of providing vigour and skill for performing the ordinary duties of life ; but there comes a period in the life of most women, viz., the parturient, when such an education is of incalculable aid, and when its absence is often dangerous, and sometimes fatal. When we consider the sudden and huge demand made on the muscular system at this period, is it surprising that a frame unprepared by systematic training, or active occupation, should succumb to the shock of the parturient crisis ? What is the exhaustion of the lying-in state but a sharp attack of gymnasium fever resulting from severe muscular effort operating on a frame wholly unprepared by previous activity ? Take any clerk from a banking house, or any draper's apprentice from his counter, and make him walk fifty miles at a stretch, and he will be assailed by a severe and perhaps fatal attack of gymnasium fever, not a little resembling the lying-in state. On the other hand, a walk of fifty miles is a cause of very little distress to a well-trained athlete. To a female whose bodily activity has been well-developed by her daily occupations, or by systematic culture, ordinary parturition is not an exhaustive process. It is alleged, and many eminent obstetricians are not disposed to deny its probability, that parturient women

amongst savage tribes are accustomed whilst on the march to give birth to their infant, and then to resume the march after their tribe with the baby Indian at their back. Indeed, amongst ourselves, every practitioner meets with women of the labouring class who happen to be well fed and well worked, but not over-worked, who recover from parturition quite as easily as the Red Indian. That most undesirable accident of labour, post-partum hemorrhage is attributed by Dr. Tyler Smith to circumstances which originate in 'weakness of the abdominal walls, and a general relaxed habit of body.' It is with a view of obviating this weakness and of cultivating its opposite, that I urge the necessity for systematic exercise on all those of the female sex whose daily occupations do not call forth a considerable amount of bodily activity; especially is such exercise needful for those who, it seems, are henceforth to be involved in the toils of mathematics and political economy. There is yet another aspect of the question, viz., that a healthy offspring can only be expected from healthy mothers. The ancient Spartans well knew that a robust progeny could not be expected from debilitated mothers, however strong the sires; and hence they strenuously enforced the practice of calisthenics on their young girls. Surely it is now manifest that a large share of bodily exercise is not only beneficial to women, but absolutely necessary for the safe performance of the most important functions of their life. And if there is any mutual relation between the useful and the beautiful, it cannot need any further discussion to prove how that high development of the muscular apparatus of the female frame which is so useful, must necessarily enhance its grace and elegance.

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

BY COMPTON READE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISCOVERY, AND AN INCIDENT.

IN the scantily furnished bedroom, which Adine had hired at five shillings per week for their future habitation, she told her whole story, from beginning to end, to her lord. Needless to add, both felt intensely relieved by this declaration. He was as full of faith as of forgiveness; she more intensely happy than she had been for a long time. The loss of all things was forgotten; poverty itself seemed tolerable; they were both so truly at one.

Then she gave a list of her adventures, proposing that they should go to Exeter Hall for the *debut* of their *quondam* friend and *protegé* that evening.

To this he assented readily, although, inasmuch as the Sheriff of Middlesex had abstracted the irrespective toilettes, it became necessary to change the front places, so carefully secured by Captain Hawder, for less agreeable seats at the back of the hall.

With this intention, he set out for the Exeter Hall ticket office, where *en route* he passed a bookseller's shop, at the side of which, flapping on a string was visible, 'The Guardian' newspaper.

Parson like, he could not refrain from stopping a moment to glance at its pleasant gossippy pages, when the first thing that struck his eye, was :

'PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.'

'Rev. A. Gubbins, to Coldhole Rectory, Essex.

'Rev. J. M'Grady, to be minister of St. Mary's, Lingeville.'

'Gracious heavens !' he exclaimed. 'When was this published ?'

'Yesterday,' replied the shopman.

'Will you lend me a law list ?'

The man handed him one of two years back. He hastily looked out the name of Gubbins among the list of attornies, discovering at length the address of Clinton Gubbins, Esq., 101, Buckingham Street.

To rush across the Strand at the risk of his neck, was the work of a moment. He literally flew down Buckingham Street to Mr. Gubbins' office.

As luck would have it, the worthy attorney was within, and gave him audience at once. From his lips he learned how that Horace Blackley had sold him the advowson of Coldhole for eight thousand guineas, being, as Mr. Gubbins said, a very outside price. The contract to sell was entered into before Mr. Blackley accepted Mudflat, thereby avoiding the sin, or crime, or blunder, of simony. By special agreement his son was not to be instituted until Mr. Blackley had quite cleared out of the rectory, and had given notice to that effect. This notice came last week, so that his son had been instituted forthwith.

'I might have saved you fourteen hundred pounds, had I only known of this before. And Mr. Lovett told his piteous tale of how he had been heartlessly swindled.

Mr. Gubbins heard him in amazement. 'The Peculiar,' he cried. 'Well I should not have thought—no—I should not. Plumley most respectable. And your chapel, too!'

'Yes, St. Mary's is forfeited to "The Peculiar," or Blackley, or whoever the principal rogue may be; and they have sold it, almost, if not quite, before it was forfeit, to a Mr. M'Grady. Thus I come out of this negotiation in debt heavily to Mr. Blackley and Mr. Bulps, and also with the loss of an income of some three hundred per annum.'

'Devilish!' exclaimed honest Mr. Gubbins. 'My dear sir, in future put not your trust in parsons.'

'Is there no remedy? Could I not recover some portion at least of my losses? Could I not at all events save Mr. Bulps the large sum he has sacrificed?'

'My dear sir,' replied the lawyer, 'you have the power of actionising these people for conspiracy, but that would not benefit you. On the contrary, they would retaliate by attacking you on the ground of simony.'

'I resigned my living unconditionally. That cannot be simoniacal!'

'Wrong, my dear sir, wrong. You probably wrote letters to Mr. Blackley, which would go to show that you expected a *quid pro quo*. That in the eye of the law is simony.'

'But then—surely Blackley would implicate himself as well as me?'

'I don't know about that. *Primâ facie*, I think that he would escape scot-free. However, supposing the contrary, I don't imagine that such a man as you describe Mr. Blackley junior to be—very unclerical

and possessed of a large fortune—would break his heart about the loss of clerical position. It might perhaps vex the father, not the son.'

'So that the conclusion of all is, that I am reduced to beggary?'

'Not so bad as that,' rejoined Mr. Gubbins, 'let us hope for something better. You are young, honest, and active. You have all the world before you. Pick out a kindly bishop—there are such. Confide to him your hard case. Ask for a curacy with reasonable stipend. Work well, and you will get preferment.'

'There are no bishops of that kind,' sighed Mr. Lovett. 'I have had too bitter an experience of the superior clergy. Besides which you little imagine how bishops hate the order of minor canons.'

'But you are a gentleman.'

'That again is against me. If only I had the priggish manner of that spurious imitation of gentility, the ——'

'But,' interrupted Mr. Gubbins. 'If I mistake not, you are a man of unaffected piety. I should say, that in you the poor would find a friend, the rich a kindly neighbour.'

'I can't answer for that,' sighed the sad soul, 'all I know is that I am no hypocrite, so you may regard my chances of preferment as hopeless.'

With which bitter words he left the good lawyers' office, and having exchanged his golden tickets for brass—after the fashion of the Homeric heroes—returned to tell Adine the last item in this history of duplicity and swindle.

They were at Exeter Hall in good time, and thereby secured excellent seats. A neighbour civilly lent his opera-glass, and they awaited with curiosity the first appearance of Ralph.

'See!' cried Adine; 'there is Captain Hawder, and there, too, is his wife. Just look at her Cashmere shawl, with its bordering of diamond beetles. Ah! Doré, what a glorious and beautiful thing money is! Heavens! why there is Lady Montresor; and looking so ill, and Mr. Barwyn is with her, and such a pretty girl. You remember Mr. Barwyn at Blankton?'

And then her husband took the glass, and a survey of the assembled company. Whereafter, Sir Michael appearing, the oratorio began.

They could but remark that Ralph wore a very pale and haggard appearance, but this circumstance they charitably put down to nervousness, ignorant of the rayages which a careless life had made upon that delicate young constitution. Had they watched Rosa, Lady Montresor, they would have observed that she gazed on his countenance with an aspect of pain as he trilled forth the sublime melody, 'If with all your hearts.'

Unquestionably it was a fine performance, and it enlisted not merely

the sympathy of the audience, which is not always of very great value (for the same money-payers will go into warmer raptures over a music-hall impostor), but, better still, of the orchestra and chorus.

The people around the Lovetts were by no means chary of their praise. 'Quite a second Reeves! Fine chest voice. A little bit nervous, but will get over that in time. Wonderful power for one so young. Capital *crescendo*,' &c., &c. To all which remarks they listened with more than ordinary interest. Perhaps it was his successful art, perhaps the force of association, or the result of their own good-heartedness, but they certainly quite forgot at that moment the fault he had committed. They remembered only their old friendship as they participated in the pleasure of his present triumph.

'If with all your hearts' is unquestionably a glorious song, and, so to speak, very vocal in a large room. Mendelssohn wrote it for one of the most magnificent tenors that the world will ever hear, and he meant to electrify.

With all its brilliancy, however, it is almost surpassed by that wonderful commixture of passion and tenderness, 'Then shall the righteous.' Mr. Lovett looked forward to this trial of art for his *protégé* with hope but not without anxiety. Indeed, Ralph himself seemed to be aware, as he came on to pour forth this divine song, that his powers would be taxed to the uttermost. He collected himself, therefore, for one giant effort, which he hoped would at once and for ever place his name on the roll of art-interpreters of the first class, thereby exceeding his fondest ambition. His cheeks became tinged with a hectic flush; his eye grew strangely bright, the more so, as when he dared throw one glance on Lady Montresor he fancied she encouraged him with one of her sun-beam smiles, and then, whilst the audience were hushed to earnest expectation, he began his task.

The nervousness which had partially disfigured his previous song was gone. Rising mightily to the moment, he gave such a rendering of this most delicious passage in the grand tone-poem, as to carry every soul with him. A storm of applause succeeded the last notes, and contrary to the stern etiquette of oratorios he had to repeat his performance.

Somehow he would have given worlds to have escaped this transcendent honour. He was exhausted, and felt ill.

The applause, however, grew more and more stormy. The *artistes* in their enthusiasm, well-meaning but unobservant, forced him on to the platform, and he again essayed to interpret the meaning of the Master.

This time effort was painfully apparent, whilst all the nervousness of his first song seemed to have revived. Aware that he was on the verge of a *fiasco*, he nerved himself to one grand attempt at the *crescendo* on the word 'shine'—the climax of the song—when suddenly and abruptly

his voice ceased, blood poured from mouth and nostrils, and he sank to the floor in a dead faint. The scene was horrible. Women screamed, men sprang on the seats, and the whole concert room became chaos. Half-a-dozen doctors of various inefficiency, who happened to be present, rushed for the *artistes'* room, to which poor Ralph was carried ; whilst Theodore Lovett, regardless of consequence, leaping over barriers, made a determined dash to the front.

So dense was the crush of humanity that for all his struggles, which were regardless of etiquette, politeness, everything, he could not for five minutes advance farther than Captain Hawder in the front row.

'Please let me pass !' he cried to that gentleman. 'I am trying in vain to reach him.'

'You are too late,' replied the Captain. 'I've just heard that he has been taken away in Lady Montresor's carriage.'

Biting his lip with vexation Theodore Lovett returned to Adine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AS YOU WERE.

ONE step further in the descent to avernus. Our ill-starred couple have not yet drunk their bitter cup to the dregs, and the draught grows more and more nauseous. Money has failed them, and as a consequence they are unable to pay their rent. Adine has been trying in vain to induce their landlady to allow them to depart.

'No, mum, yer don't go without my rent's paid,' says the woman, blocking the door with arms akimbo.

'But I *promise* it you on Monday.'

'And yer *promised* it last Monday, and broke yer word.'

'It's only fifteen shillings,' pleaded Adine, wistfully.

'You may leave your coat,' said the woman, turning to Mr. Lovett.

'That is, if you likes to ; if not, I'll have that dress off your back, my pretty lady.'

'You told me this was a respectable house,' sobbed Adine.

'And do you mean, you hussy, to say as it isn't ? I don't owe no money, I don't——'

'Stop,' said Mr. Lovett, firmly. 'Enough of this. You've no right to detain us as prisoners, or to take the clothes off our back.'

'Aven't I just ? You dare step either on you outside.' The woman's words evidently were pregnant with meaning.

With quick feminine perception Adine realised this much : not so her

husband, who moved unconcernedly towards the door, beckoning to her to follow.

Instantly the woman poked her head out of the window into a court yard below, shrieking 'Bob!'

Obedient to her summons, a great hulking bully, of the police-court and prize-fighting type, lumbering up the stairs, collared Mr. Lovett, who in vain essayed to shake him off.

'Take off your coat and waistcoat,' grumbled the bully.

'But my coat is my livelihood,' responded Mr. Lovett. 'How am I to do duty on Sunday without a coat?'

'Don't know. Don't care. Off with 'em. They'll fetch five bob at the shop.'

Mr. Lovett was about to obey helplessly, when Adine, actuated by one of those wild impulses to which women are subject, rushed to the window, crying 'Police!'

The man relaxed his grasp on Mr. Lovett, and, with a cry of 'Would you?' dealt the poor lady such a buffet as stretched her senseless on the floor. Infuriated by this barbarous action, Mr. Lovett, grasping the poker, aimed a sudden blow, which, had it struck the man, would have killed him. The man at once dodged and closed, when the door opened, and a policeman, attracted perhaps by the tones of a lady's voice, entered, whereupon 'Bob,' instantaneously putting forth his brute force, sent Mr. Lovett bleeding to the opposite wall.

'What again, Bob?' said the officer, whose eye could not comprehend the scene.

Bob looked half sulky, half defiant. The landlady pretended to be solicitous for Adine, who lay motionless.

'I am a clergyman,' said Mr. Lovett, 'and we have been assaulted.'

The policeman, glancing at the speaker, appeared dubious. It is a peculiarity of the metropolitan police force, that they obstinately side against a gentleman, unless bribed.

'Oh!' returned the policeman, 'You're a clergyman, are you? Then I should advise you not to kick up this kind of rumpus, or you'll find yourself in the station-house.'

'I tell you I've been assaulted, and my wife is seriously hurt by that ruffian. I'll take your number.'

At this Bob burst into a roar, in which policeman and landlady joined.

'It's a case of can't pay rent,' observed the woman.

'Hum! better get rid of them,' observed the policeman drily.

'They must pay,' grunted Bob.

To this remark the officer condescended no answer, but advancing towards Adine, whom her husband had all but succeeded in restoring to consciousness, stared hard with little pity and much admiration.

'You must take that fellow into custody,' said Mr. Lovett, his usually gentle features distorted with anger.

Bob, however, thought otherwise, for scarce had Mr. Lovett uttered this threat, than he squared up, and hit out at him, rather to the alarm of the policeman, who, though authoritative, was not brave.

'You'd better be quiet, both of you,' he observed. 'You, sir, unless you wish to come to mischief, will leave the place at once.'

'We want our money,' shouted Bob and the landlady in unison.

But the policeman took Bob aside, and by whispering something in his ear, induced him to retreat below. After which he hurried forth Mr. Lovett and Adine, who was barely able to stagger.

'Now,' said he 'if you take my advice, you'll slope. That's the most dangerous man on my beat.'

'We have no home. We have no place to go to,' faltered Mr. Lovett, who perceived the necessity of finding something like a temporary abode for his poor wife, now changed to the colour of death.

The man beckoned to them to follow. Then he led them down a court yard, teeming with infant life and squalor of all sorts. A very *inferno*. Selecting the dirtiest house, he asked a woman if she had a room to spare.

'No!' was the answer.

'Gentle-people,' he said. 'Trust 'em to-day, and they'll pay handsome to-morrow.'

The woman looked them up and down, and all over.

A glance at Adine's dress, the last of one of those pretty costumes she had purchased not so long since in Lingeville, decided her.

'They may 'ave the top hattic,' she grumbled forth, and accordingly the policeman led the way to that horrible chamber, where first we made the acquaintance of our hero and heroine.

'Policeman,' said Mr. Lovett, 'I'm deeply grateful to you. You will, of course, arrest that ruffian Bob, and I shall appear against him.'

'Better not, sir. You wouldn't like to see your name in print in such a mess. It would look so bad. Wish you good day, sir,' and without waiting to argue the point, the officer marched off, having, as he conceived, performed the whole duty of a man and a policeman.

On the wretched bed Adine sank like one dead, whilst her husband kept racking his brain as to how he could raise a small sum to alleviate this horrible misery. Mrs. Chowner? Yes. He could write to her, but then—— she had already the expense of their child and his nurse. His old friend the port-winey Minor Canon? Yes. But he had the gout, and during that temporary affliction was a raging demon. The pious Minor Canon? No. He was much too mean. His quondam superior the Chapter of Blankton? That would entail a certain refusal

coupled with some stinging insult. Ralph? No. He was in all likelihood ill in bed. Roper? Could he ask the man whom he had so grievously injured? He believed in Roper's goodness. Yes. As he looked on the face of his beautiful wife he felt that this lowest depth of humiliation was inevitable. As soon as Adine was able to talk—she had begged for quiet—he would ask Roper's address. That two pounds five, which the good farmer had paid, was in fact a gift, not a debt. He would ask Roper for ten pounds, throw himself once more on Mr. Bulps' mercy, and move to a country curacy.

Night came, and Adine still slept. On the morrow both were struck with typhus, so the letter was never written.

Now, you know all.

CHAPTER XXX.

ULTIMA LINEA.

'He will recover,' said Sir Joseph Toadie; 'but he must not do this again.'

'Must he give up singing?'

'As a profession, certainly. Do not underrate his critical state. My dear Lady Montresor, you are delicate—very. *You*, however, are not given to imprudence. This gentleman, in the face of a solemn warning, has been trying his constitution in a way calculated to damage the strongest. Can you wonder at this disastrous result? For the present, I prescribe perfect quietude. In a week he will be in apparently excellent health; then you may give him a few days at the sea. Blankenberghe is a quiet place; and the trip across the Channel will do him good. As soon as his appetite and elasticity of spirits are restored, bring him back to my care, in London; and when the leaves begin to fall, we must pack him off to Algiers.'

Love had triumphed. In the 'Redoubte,' at Spa, Lady Montresor stumbled against an advertisement of the new tenor-singer in the 'Elijah,' at Exeter Hall. At once, to the dismay of Poodle, she gave orders for a return to England. She was resolved to hear him in his hour of triumph, for well she knew that his voice would carry the public by storm. Within twenty-four hours they were in Westbourne Terrace, and on the following evening, in Exeter Hall. There, when she beheld him fallen and bleeding, pent-up affection broke all bounds. Her voice it was which first recalled his consciousness; to her home he was borne

by the swiftest blood horses; she herself was his nurse. In the dark and silent hours of the night she learnt, by comparing notes with him, how cruelly they had been deceived; and her first act on the morning following was to discharge the treacherous Poodle, who wept sore, vainly pleading for forgiveness.

This fever of excitement had its influence for evil on Rosa Montresor. It was so intensely happy to sit by his bedside, and listen to his voice, still marvellously sweet, though hollow and unearthly; to tend him awake, and watch by him during the hours of slumber. Too much of entrancement for a woman in her state of health; and Sir Joseph Toadie's practised eye detected the mischief, although his oily tongue was far too prudent to say 'Fie!' to one so lavish of guineas. For his own sake, and her guineas' sake, he resolved, however, to diplomatisé. He told her ladyship, very plainly, that a praiseworthy solicitude for her patient was beginning to injure herself; that it would be better for both if he were to enjoy for a brief space the benefit of sea breezes, whilst she courted complete repose in London. He would send a young friend of his—a former pupil, in fact—as *compagnon de voyage* to Ralph; and he could pledge his word that within a short period he would feel restored to a new life.

Reluctantly Lady Montresor acquiesced in this arrangement. Had the doctor been less firm she would have assuredly rebelled. As it was, she feared to face the truth which her heart kept repeating every hour of the day, viz.: that life to her was far too precarious to be trifled with. Hence she could recognise the wisdom of advice which insisted on perfect quiet: hence, too, an obedience which she dared not refuse.

Ralph had arrived at that strange condition of dreamy placitude habitual to those whose lives hang by a thread. Nature provides for these sufferers the strongest anodyne against mental agony. To them the fear of death is seldom present. The lassitude of their bodies seems to affect their souls. Calm and smiling, this sick man reclined smoking a sweet cigarette, as he listened with lazy blessedness to the soft tones of his fair nurse's voice.

'You will obey Sir Joseph, Ralph, won't you, for my sake? And then come back quite a strong man?'

'I had rather remain here,' he said.

'But that is foolish. Life is too precious for you to risk its loss. Sir Joseph positively orders sea air for you.'

'Yes,' he sighed. 'Yes, my life is priceless now; and yet, but a short time ago, I valued it at less than the applause of an ignorant audience.'

'For shame, for shame! Ah! Ralph! we—sworn brother and sister—we are but very spindrift of circumstances. For that reason ——'

'I am to undergo banishment from London.' And, for a moment, he was silent. Then, a thought flashing through his brain, he added impulsively, 'I do so wish that I had made it up with Mr. Lovett.'

'It was very naughty of you to quarrel with them on my account,' laughed Lady Montessor, archly.

'All the more reason why I should apologise.'

'Write them a note,' she answered. 'and you shall see them on your return.'

'But I'm afraid they are in sad trouble,' he added.

'Ah! yes, I am sorry for them, but remember the orders are that you are not to be worried. Put off all this superfluous excitement for a few weeks, and I will buy Mr. Lovett a living, or do anything else you may suggest.'

'You are always so kind,' he murmured, whilst tears of grateful joy welled to his eyes; 'so kind, dear sister.'

On the morrow, as the tidal train moved stately out of the Charing Cross Station, two faces smiled an earnest farewell. To say that there was a loss of hope in either would be false, yet perhaps both realised acutely the uncertainty of life; a feeling which, though it did not amount to a presentiment, nevertheless cast a gloom over their spirits.

'Home,' said Rosa Montresor.

At the door of her habitation in Westbourne Terrace stood the carriage of Sir Joseph Toadie. The chirurgical baronet wore a grave countenance. In his hand was a telegram, which he handled with an air of mystery. Evidently the great man was bursting with a secret.

'Bring some Moselle for your mistress,' he observed, authoritatively. Moselle had been to this man, through life, the philosopher's stone. A doctor who orders 'phiz' for all maladies of his female patients, be it helpful or harmful, will live an epicure, and die a Croesus.

'What is that telegram?' she asked sharply.

'My dearest Lady Montresor, be calm; let me implore you to be calm.'

'Yes. If you will put me out of suspense.'

'But how can I? We have news of Sir Vincent, your dear husband, and——'

'He is dead!' she said with astonishing coolness.

Sir Joseph Toadie stared dumb-founded—not at the absence of feeling, oh, no; to that he was thoroughly acclimatised—but to the absence of hypocrisy.

'Eh?'

'Well—ah—this telegram would appear—ah——'

'Give it to me. Yes. He is dead. Poor old gentleman! I hope he did not suffer. Would you kindly telegraph for me to our lawyer, Sir

Joseph? Thanks. I have business which must be settled without one moment's delay;' and she scribbled an address in Lincoln's-inn Fields, adding that time was an object.

'What a very extraordinary woman!' muttered the doctor to himself, as he hastened to obey her behests.

Strange to say this extraordinary woman, no sooner was his back turned, flung her form on the sofa, and sobbed aloud. She was convulsed by mingled emotions; indeed, when the lawyer appeared, he found her all but prostrate, and barely able to attend to business.

Nevertheless, she did contrive to convey a definite meaning to the attorney's ears, and when he left, having, as he said, work cut out for a good fortnight, his fair employer retired to her chamber, from which she did not emerge for many days.

A fortnight at Blankenberghe wrought marvels for Ralph. His spirits revived under the combined influences of pure air, light diet, and change of scene. His medical companion indoctrinated him fully with the notion that one lung only was damaged, and that therefore his life was in reality good—a very well intentioned piece of falsity, better in most respects than many specifics. The weather being lovely, to loll on the hot sand, dreaming day dreams, was most delicious. When the hour for return arrived, Sir Joseph Toadie's prophecy had come true. He was quite a new man.

An enjoyable steam from Ostend to Dover, a wild rush through Kent and Surrey, and London once more hovered in an horizon of smoke. His heart beat wildly, his eyes glistened, he seemed like one about to enter Paradise. His carriage whisked him rapidly westwards, and so excited was he that he failed to remark the black livery of the men-servants.

'Lady Montresor's compliments, and will you dine, sir? Her ladyship will see you after dinner.'

This was rather a disappointment for his ardent friendship; but he was hungry after travel, and dusty withal. Perhaps she was wise. A meeting would be more delightful when he was cleansed and fed, and superior to all sublunary considerations. He, therefore, indulged in a bath, and a careful toilette. After which he descended to the most beautiful banquet conceivable. There was not a luxury unprovided. Every dish was a *chef d'œuvre*. The flowers were almost oppressive; the glass and gold dazzling; the wines glorious; whilst the traditional rose-water had been supplanted by Stephanotis.

On his napkin he found a sweet little billet:

'Come to me as the clock strikes nine. In my boudoir.'

'THINE, ROSA.'

It was just eight as he sat down to dine. That ceremony over, he awaited impatiently over a bottle of sublimest *Margaux* the arrival of the slow minute-hand.

Could it be the wine, or what caused such strange wild fancies to whirl through his brain? Anon he was diving after her into fathomless depths, yet could not reach to touch her. Anon he was following her o'er wildest mountains, his brain realising all the excitement of Alpine peril—once again, she was in the upper story of a burning house, and he once had mounted a ladder, but it was too short by but a foot, and she cried to him to save her. Verily, day-dreams are as unaccountable as their shadows of sleep.

The tang of a clock awoke him, and tossing off a glass of the claret before him he slowly mounted the stairs, experiencing the oddest palpitations of the heart imaginable. If he had to face a grand crisis, his face could not have turned paler.

There was a strange stillness in the house. Rosa Montresor kept servants in the background. She had a righteous horror of noise, with an intense love of privacy. This stillness seemed unpleasant, causing him to quicken his steps, and to tap hastily but gently at her door.

Again he tapped, this time louder, a little colour rising to his cheek.

No answer.

Then he opened the door, and entered.

On the sofa reclined Lady Montresor. She was clad in the strangest of dresses. A flowing robe, composed entirely of rare and delicate lace, enshrouded her form, but falling aside revealed a rose-satin boddice. Her head was pillowed, the features slightly averted. She appeared asleep.

For a second he stood entranced by this beautiful sight. Then he ventured to whisper with bated breath, 'Rosa!'—

But none replied.

Then he drew nearer, speaking yet louder and more earnestly; anon he touched her softly, gently, firmly. What makes him wail forth that exceeding bitter cry? Why wring his hands for very despair?

Heart, false heart! You have played my lady false.

Heart, true heart to the last. For at her feet lies a parchment, executed that very day, whereby she bequeaths all her estate, real and personal, to her beloved Samuel Edward Ralph, musician.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BY THE BED SIDES.

Do you remember how we left Theodore Lovett and Adine lying hopeless in that awful London garret? Better, perhaps, hide our faces and shade our eyes, than gaze long on that cruel scene. It is too horrible. Hungry death waiting for his prey. Hungry vermin plucking up courage to anticipate the hand of the great Destroyer himself. Below, drunkenness, dirt, and vileness. Above, a tottering roof, which barely hides a sky befouled by smoke and bad odours; and nothing beautiful or good to come and exorcise all this hell.

Patience. Our friend the policeman keeps an eye on that house. He has not seen the strangers, in whom he feels an interest of the curious type, emerge from that gloomy portal. Can there be foul play?

'What's become of those lodgers of yours?'

'Don't know. Up stairs.'

'That wont do. I must have a look at 'em.'

'Right you are. They're sing'lar quiet. Pr'aps they finds sleepin' cheaper nor heatin.'

Policeman mounts the stairs to find the unfortunates delirious. His instincts are quick, and he can well appreciate danger. He descends promptly, inquiring if anyone has 'seen any of them nuns about.'

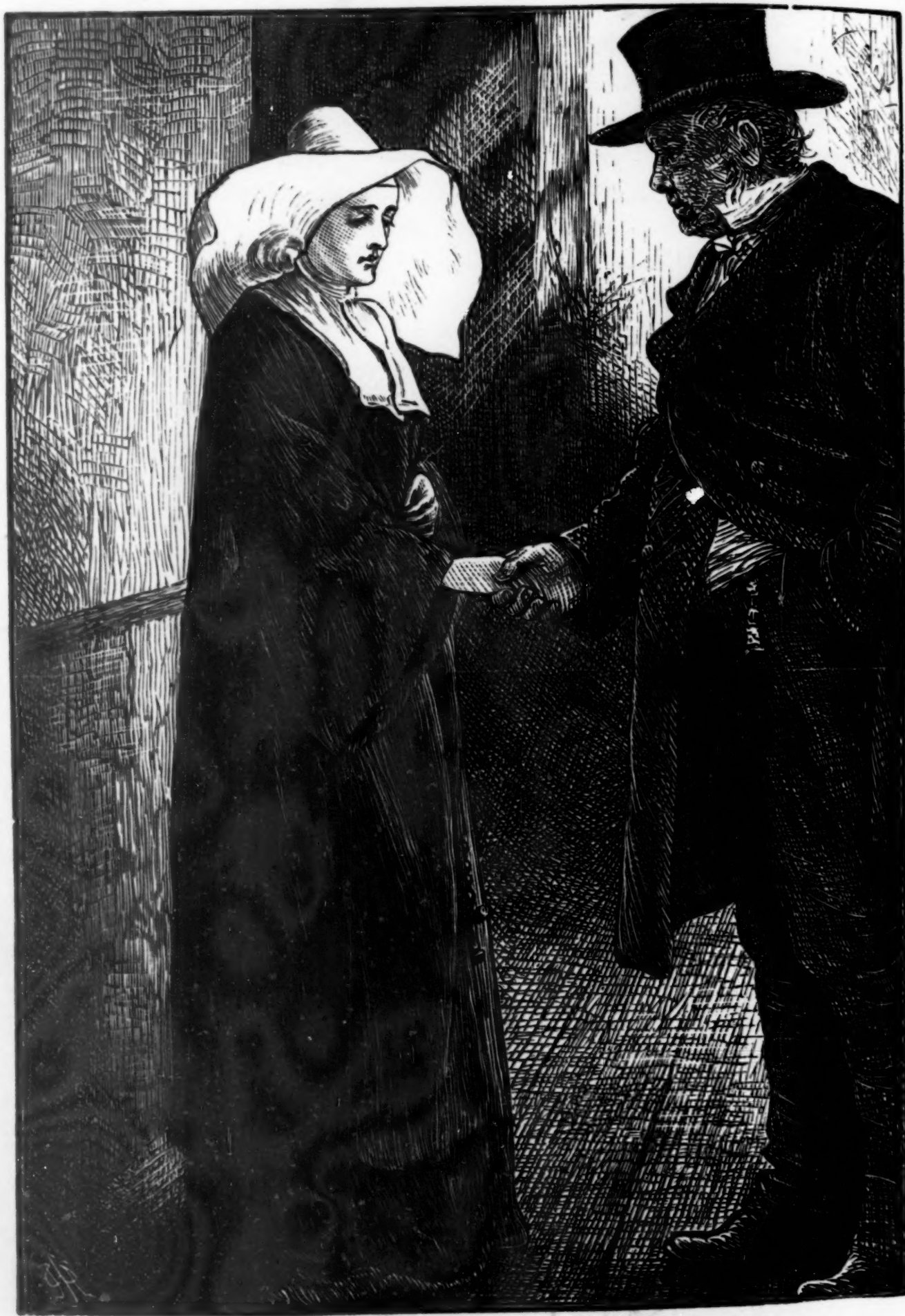
It appears that such a good angel is now in the next court. He loses not a moment in finding this lady, and a few pointed words secure her services. A boy is despatched for two more of the sisterhood, and a medical man. Then Sister Clara mounts the stairs, and single handed begins her holy work.

She is young, this sister, and pretty, with a face of the most intense earnestness. She is as fearless as faith, as holy as hope. Her first act is to discover, if possible, the names of her patients, whom she at once perceives to be of gentle blood. They may have friends, who ought to be communicated with forthwith. With this intention she, with all possible delicacy, searches Adine's pockets. Therein she finds an empty purse, and in the corner thereof, a small memorandum:

'Mr. Roper, Finstock Villa, Clapham Rise.'

Out comes her pencil; quickly, but legibly, she scribbles a few words describing her patients, calls a boy, and despatches him to the above address. Within an hour the poor sufferers' bed chamber is decently clean; they are cared for by a physician, who shakes his head, and prescribes 'watching,' and by two other angels of mercy, who battle bravely with the awful thirst which is parching their lips to blackness.





DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

Within three hours, enter Farmer Roper, crying like a child, and bearing in his broad, honest hand a purse stocked with crisp bank notes.

'Hush!' cries Sister Clara; 'there is danger. You must be silent.'

So she takes him below, and he shakes her little white hand vehemently, crying, 'Gor bless 'ee, whoever 'ee be! What! is you a Cartholic? Why, I thought the Cartholics were all bad uns! Leastways, I never 'eard nought but abuse of 'em. Gor bless 'ee, my pretty miss! To think of our passon being nussed by a Cartholic, now!'

'Is he a clergyman?' asks Sister Clara.

'Vicar of Mudflat, miss—Mudflat, in Blankshire. Leastways, 'er was vicar, and ought to be vicar now. About of moving on 'em out of this 'ere dratted dung-'eap, miss. How's it to be done?'

'Not to-day, sir; nor to-morrow—perhaps never!' says the serious face. 'Our doctor has hopes—that is all. They have been neglected; in fact, if the police had not notified to me that there was such a case, they must have died.'

'The Lord be praised!' ejaculates the farmer, piously; 'and blessed be the likes of such as you! If ever I seed a Samaritan, you're the good un! Here's your religion—here's the real thing. Why, I 'oodn't a hentered such a 'ole as this, not for worlds! And yet, if there weren't such Christians as you—such hout and houters—my passon might a' died—died wuss nor a dog! Lor' bless your hangel face! If this 'ere's the Cartholic faith, darn'd if I don't turn Cartholic to-morrow!'

'I must go,' said sister Clara, rather startled by these jerky apostrophes.

'Wait a minit. You see this 'ere purse. It 'olds a 'undred and sixty pound, in notes. You take it for 'em. I drewed the money to spec'late in barley down at Mark Lane, fust thing to-morrer, and I might p'raps earn a fifty p'un'—or so thereby, but I'd rather give the sum to our old passon. Only do'ant for worlds let 'un know who done it.' And he forced the purse into her hands.

'A sovereign will be ample until to-morrow,' replied the sister.

But the honest farmer utterly refused to touch his purse, and declaring his earnest desire to have the patients removed to his own house at the earliest date the doctor would permit, beat a sudden retreat, leaving sister Clara not a little embarrassed by the responsibility of being banker amid such a population of criminals and paupers.

One more brief scene, and one only. On the lawn of Finstock Villa, Clapham Rise, were placed two sofas, which supported two sick persons; both very pale and shrunken, yet both unmistakably convalescent. The one a clergyman, whose clothes seemed to have been intended for a man of twice his size; the other a slight and

fair lady, laughing to a lively infant, who crowed merrily in response. On a garden chair, puffing away at a Brosely pipe, a sheep-dog at his feet, and a foaming tankard at his side, sat farmer Roper, the picture of eupeptic good temper. To him *vis-a-vis*, arrayed in the stiffest of silk gowns, of fabulous cost and *home make*, Mrs. Roper, a pair of worsted stockings in her lap, an air of placid contentment round her dimpled cheeks.

'You be a' most a man again, passon,' cried Mr. Roper, cheerily. 'Here, take a drop o' this. Darn the doctor. It's the very best of medicine.'

Positively the invalid did taste it, and yet again, till someone cried out from the other sofa, 'Doré, you are imprudent.'

'Try a mouthful yourself, ma'am,' laughed Old Roper.

'Come, Adine, don't be shy. It's home-brewed,' added her husband.

'Yes, mem, breewed by these very 'ands,' suggested Mrs. Roper, glancing at digits, which, though clean were raw.

'I don't quite know? Do you think it would do me good, Mr. Roper?'

'Be the making of you, ma'am. That's right. One little sup moor. Never take two bites at a cherry. Good again.'

'Why, I declare, I do feel better,' exclaimed Adine.

'Ah, Roper,' said Mr. Lovett, the tears welling from his eyes, 'how can we ever repay the deep debt of gratitude we owe you. When I think of the noble return you have awarded to our evil, I despise myself as much as I honour you.'

'Come, passon, you maun talk so. I baint no scholard, and can't give 'ee an answer, as I should. But if you talks of gratitude, give it, sir, to them Cartholic women who saved your blessed lives.'

'And to your purse, good, kind Mr. Roper,' added Adine.

'No, ma'am, I can't hear of that. It wor the will of Providence, as I wasn't to lose my money on that there barley, which I sartain should a done, and a goodish bit moor into the bargain: acause, when you sets the ball rolling it gathers a smartish bit of snow. Well, gall, what is it?' This to the servant maid, a Mudflat girl, who came forward with many curtseys.

'A gentleman, sir. Must see Mr. Lovick, perticler important.'

The gentleman, who turned out to be Sir Joseph Toadie, bowing, followed in her wake, breathing courtly apologies. He came to announce painful news. He regretted how often it was the fate of medical men to be bearers of evil tidings. In fact, if his stereotyped smile had not contradicted his sentiments, you might have imagined him to be a man of most refined sensibilities.

'I fear that I must take you away with me, Mr. Lovett,' he said. 'Your friend Ralph has unfortunately burst another blood-vessel, and is

now sinking rapidly. My brougham is at the door, and if you wish to see him again in this world, you must not lose time. I shall be happy to drive you to Westbourne Terrace, whither I return at once. In fact, I only left my patient's bedside at his earnest request that I would bring you back to him.'

'You are hardly equal to this trial, Doré,' faltered Adine.

'My dear,' he answered, 'it is a sacred duty, and one which I dare not shirk.'

They helped him to Sir Joseph's carriage. He was still very weak, although two months had elapsed since the crisis of the fever.

'It will be a mercy if we find him alive,' whispered the baronet.

Mr. Lovett clasped his hands in prayer. Earnestly he longed to see his friend's face once more. Eagerly did he inquire of the grave-faced man-servant if he was in time.

The elegance and splendour of the house and its appointments would have struck his mind with wonder, had it not been pre-occupied by sorrow. He was, however, startled to discover the saloon filled with instrumentalists, who were seated before their copies, apparently prepared at a moment's notice to obey the bow of their leader. At the end of this room was the lovely boudoir where Lady Montresor had breathed her last. Bowing to the assembled *artistes*, Sir Joseph led the way to this inner chamber, where on *her* sofa Ralph lay dying—alone.

'See,' whispered Sir Joseph, 'I have brought Mr. Lovett;' with which words he drew back to an angle of the apartment.

'Ah, sir!' murmured the dying man. 'What a happiness is it to look on you once again. You have been my best of friends, and I——'

'True to me,' almost sobbed Mr. Lovett, overcome by the sad scene.

'Yes, true, although—although true also to her—my love. I did love her, Mr. Lovett, and she loved me.'—

The clergyman took his hand, already moist with the dews of death, pressing it warmly. Then he said, 'But, dear Ralph, you have been preparing, I pray, for this great change?'

'Ah, my friend,' gasped Ralph, 'I have sinned.'

'And you are sorry?'

'So sorry—really sorry. I sinned against my art, and my art was the life given me by God. I degraded my soul—but it was despair, sir, it was never vice——'

'Still you must recollect,' said Mr. Lovett, misinterpreting his meaning, 'that the woman you loved was wife of another.'

The poor soul groaned. He had asked for sympathy, and found a stone.

'You don't understand,' he murmured, reproachfully, 'Our love was indeed pure. It was the meeting of a waif brother and a waif sister in

art. If there was one thought wrong in my breast, I repent it ; but I do not remember one such thought. I believe, too, had she not gone from me, no evil would have sullied our lives. Dear friend, think charitably when I am gone of her—of me. However, it is too late now for words. See,' placing an envelope in his hands, 'There are my last wishes written clearly. God ever bless you and yours ! Doctor——'

Sir Joseph neared the couch.

'I—I think the time has come. Thank you deeply. Tell them to begin ;—piano, very piano.'

As the doctor motioned to the *artistes* in the adjoining apartment, Ralph turned his head to Theodore Lovett, and with a smile of marvellous peace whispered, 'Kneel. Pray with me in silence.'

As he knelt, the instruments began the *andante* from Beethoven's Symphony in D, rendering that ravishing melody with a perfection so exquisitely thrilling as to [give pain to the hearer ; Sir Joseph beheld the face of the earnest musician light to a singular and beautiful rapture, and as the last cadences died away, the soul of the young singer passed forth in a soft sigh as of infinite pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

RALPH'S letter contained intelligence surprising. After premising that he felt bound to carry out Lady Montresor's wishes, he stated that he had, through a clerical agent, arranged for Mr. Blackley to be presented to a benefice near London, and for Mr. Lovett to be re-instated to Mudflat, which benefice, by bequest, he raised to the annual value of one thousand pounds. He further left as a legacy to the Lovetts, ten thousand pounds, and one thousand to Mr. Roper, as a testimony to his kindness. After charging the estate with a small annuity to his relatives, and with various presents to the organist of Blankton, and other friends, he left the remainder of his great fortune to found a college for musicians, in or near London. Lady Montresor's pictures, jewels, furniture, &c., he bequeathed absolutely to Adine.

Thus it comes to pass that we say 'Farewell' to our friends Adine and Theodore Lovett, in their old home at Mudflat, where they are thoroughly and truly happy. Their return to the Vicarage was nothing short of a triumph, and they brought with them back to the old farm, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, who are prosperous people ; and having no children of their own, hope to make Master Lovett their heir.

It would be poetical justice to tell how Horace Blackley was punished

for his sins. However, in this world of inequalities, poetical justice is a fable, and beyond improbability. Suffice it, therefore, to relate that he got every stiver of his money out of Mr. Lovett; and having secured an excellent living by the arrangement made by Ralph, is in very solvent and pecunious condition. It cost him a trifle to send Nevis and his daughter to Australia, and he is not on the best of terms with his wife; otherwise he flourishes—as the thoroughly wicked generally do flourish in this wicked world.

Poor Poodle, ejected from Lady Montresor's service, flung her fate at Mr. Barwyn. That gentleman obtained her a position as singer at a music-hall. He generously absorbs half her wretched earnings, and treats her shamefully into the bargain. He is still organist of St. Bathos, but it is rumoured darkly that a new Incumbent of that fashionable church intends to dispense with his services.

Miss Effler seems likely to live for ever in the Blankton Asylum. Her brother has recently turned up in London, with a fortune, which, if he does not speculate away, he intends to leave to his niece Adine.

There remains one whom we must not quit without one word of notice—Sister Clara.

'Have you any recollection of the good nun who attended us in our fever—I mean of her features?' asked Mr. Lovett of Adine.

'None. You know we were both only half-conscious when Mr. Roper moved us to Clapham Rise.'

'I fancy I can recall her countenance. She was very lovely. Strange! I have heard to-day, in Blankton, her history; and alas! also of her early death!'

'You surprise and horrify me!'

'You will indeed be surprised, when I tell you that she was the eldest daughter of that hard-hearted man, the Dean. He first refused to allow her to marry the man she loved, for the paltry reason that he had not taken a first-class at Oxford; and then, when she became religiously morbid, and joined the Romanists, he turned her out of the house. She died in harness, from attending a small-pox case. Now that it is too late, they say the Dean is broken-hearted.'

'We ought to make her sisterhood an offering,' said Adine. 'To their holy charity and devotedness we owe our lives, darling.'

'Yes, my pet,' responded Theodore Lovett. 'We will make one offering, and it shall be worthy of Sister Clara.'

On the morrow, Mr. Lovett enclosed a cheque for one thousand guineas—as a thank-offering for the services of their Order—to the Sisterhood of —, — St. —, London.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN'S POETRY.

THE branch of literature which women have more especially chosen for themselves is that of novel writing, for which they seem particularly adapted, and in which they have been eminently successful. The majority of their novels are published anonymously, or under a feigned name. But, as a rule, the sex of the writer soon peeps out of the disguise, and requires no very keen-eyed critic to detect it. Ladies generally make more of their female characters, and pay more attention to descriptions of dress and outward appearance than men. And their heroes are unlike men's heroes. The characteristics of a hero which stand highest in a woman's estimation are by no means those that men consider most heroic. To men's eyes they have, moreover, a somewhat strained, unnatural manner. If a lady writer knows, or fancies she knows, a little more than most of her sex about the habits and idiosyncracies of men, she is incessantly parading it in her writings. Sir Charles is for ever throwing away his cigar. Ernest hardly utters a sentence without an oath. Miss Braddon's novels furnish striking examples of this fault.

And if it is easy to recognise women's prose writings, it is, I think, still easier to recognise women's poetry; but not from the same characteristics apparent in their prose. I have often wondered that women have not distinguished themselves more in this line of art; they read more poetry than men, and talk more about it, and in many ways seem to have natural gifts particularly adapted for its production. 'The realising imagination,' says Lecky, in his admirable 'History of European Novels,' 'which causes us to pity and to love, is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is specially capable of dwelling on the unseen. While a father is more moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land.' These are amongst the most fundamental qualities required for poetical composition. And yet they are those which are, perhaps, least apparent in

women's poetry. Only women can have any idea of a mother's yearning over her child ; yet few instances where the passion is expressed occur in their poetry—none of the first order. Where shall we look for a passage which can in the least degree be compared to the loving, heart-broken longing of a mother for her dead child, which Shakespeare so beautifully puts into the mouth of Constance ? What a deep knowledge of woman's nature—a knowledge which seems almost too profound for any *man* to have attained—is displayed in that one short reply of Constance to the Cardinal, who reproves her excessive grief :

He talks to me, that never had a son.

For some unaccountable reason subjects of this class find but a small place in women's poetry. They seem rather to delight in describing personages, scenes, and feelings which are most alien to their natures, and of which they have little opportunity of judging. Homely manners are discarded for those of higher life, and what may be called the domestic virtues are set aside for the more heroic. How much more becomingly do women use their pen in describing events of everyday life, scenes which call up feelings of tenderness and pity, than in trying to depict the stronger and more violent passions of lust and revenge. The feelings and sufferings described in such poems as 'The May Queen' and 'Enoch Arden' must necessarily be felt and understood more fully by women than men, and consequently, one would suppose, could be more justly and beautifully expressed by them. Let me quote, to illustrate my meaning, these lines (although they must be well known to the reader), which place before us, as in a Dutch picture, the sight of Enoch's old home to him as he peeped into it, himself an outcast, on his return :

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth ;
And on the right-hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
And on the left-hand of the hearth he saw
The mother, glancing often towards her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her, tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Few could read these lines, when connected with the rest of the poem, unmoved ; no woman, I should think, ever did, for the emotions they

excite are more acutely felt by women than men, and for that reason can be more forcibly expressed by them. It is the dearth of such passages as this that I regret, for they are those in which one might expect to find pre-eminent truth and beauty.

And instead of such lines as I have quoted, which excite our pity and sorrow, we too often have verses which, although written to have that effect, entirely fail in attaining their object—which appeal to the ear more than the mind—and in which all feeling is made to give way to rhythm. But of the many instances that occur to me, I will take as an example these lines by Mrs. Hemans on Henry I., after the death by shipwreck of his son Prince William :

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;
Why comes not death to those who mourn ?
He never smiled again.

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave ;
But what could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train ;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victory crowned
Amidst the knightly ring ;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that could not sleep—
He never smiled again !

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board.
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain ;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again !

The ingenious Mr. Babbage invented a machine for calculating logarithms ; poetry of this sort might, one would think, be made to order by

a like device. Read these lines aloud, and you may almost hear the turning of the handle. Do you, after reading them, feel any sorrow for King Henry?—or Prince William? Certainly not. And yet sorrow they are intended to excite; and they fail because they must have been written with the same cold feelings with which they are read, because the author thought nothing of the king or the prince, but only of the rhythmical trick (for I can call it nothing better) which brings each stanza to a close. And this is a trick which seems to have a most fascinating power over all women poets. It occurs again and again in Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, Miss Procter, and many others. Poets of the first order hardly ever use it. The reiteration of a line is indeed often found in our old ballad poetry, but it is not used for the object of bringing the verse to a sort of climax, and is of a different character altogether; and I am at a loss to understand the special object of this device, for which everything else in the poem is so mercilessly sacrificed. Perhaps the last line is intended to increase in merit in proportion to its constant reappearance, on the same principle that a commonplace observation in a farce seems to become excessively amusing by constant repetition. I have heard the comic man of the piece make a most ordinary remark, which at first is received coldly enough, but seems, after being repeated once or twice, to turn into a most capital joke; and when, after a short time, the audience knows that the comic man won't open his mouth without uttering the same remark, they are convulsed with laughter, and applaud most vociferously.

In this poem, and in the many others of which it is only an example, the great fault is want of spontaneity. Never for an instant is the writer carried away by the feelings which ought to inspire the poem; never gets beyond cold propriety, and is never touched by that 'frenzy of the Muses,' without which, as Plato tells us, neither the poet nor his works will ever attain perfection. Poets who rise no higher than these feelings—whose lines may contain observation both delicate and beautiful, but who show an entire want of the *ars celare artem*—who have never seen anything so transcendently wonderful as wholly to make them forget their original purpose and will—can never have assigned them a place amongst the greatest poets. Here we have intellectual effort; what we want is poetic inspiration. Do you think that when Shakespeare wrote 'Macbeth,' Coleridge wrote 'Christabel,' or Tennyson 'Maud,' they were constantly at a standstill 'what to say next'? Impossible! No; the true poet is he who—

When a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek—

has the power to express that great thought in harmonious verse, and to be so possessed of his subject that not he but his ideal personages seem

to speak to us, and to be so carried away by his art that his individuality becomes merged in universal human nature. And this women have done, and may do again, if they will but surrender themselves to it when the fit is on them, and not confound over-carefulness of versification with poetical perfection. All a woman's tenderness and pity burst forth in those beautiful verses by Mrs. Browning, entitled 'The Cry of the Children,' for which my space admits only of two stanzas:

Do you hear the children weeping? O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years;
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing towards the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

Alas! alas; the children! they are seeking
 Death in life as best to have:
 They are binding up their hearts away from breaking
 With a cerement from the grave.
 Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
 Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do:
 Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
 Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
 But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows
 Like our weeds anear the mine?'
 Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,
 From your pleasures fair and fine!

These lines, and those that follow, were written, so to speak, at white heat; written not to make people exclaim 'How clever!' or 'How pathetic!' but in that spirit which most touches the heart—from the heart. They bear on them the stamp of genuineness, and so by their simple force have more power over the reader than the most laboured and finished pleading would ever have; just as we are more touched by the unpremeditated cry of real distress than by all the rounded sentences and clever arguments of a lawyer who has no heart in the matter.

This power, which I conceive to be the most requisite quality of the true poet, has been often evinced in prose by the lady writers of the present day; the faculty only wants training to become poetical in the ordinary sense. To undergo this training, much restraint, one might almost say education, must be submitted to. Metre, rhyme, rhythm, must all be mastered, and to submit to the necessary drudgery is more

than some people are prepared for. For I would have no one imagine, from what I have said above, that I suppose that all a poet has to do is to sit down and dash off a copy of verses under the inspiration of the moment. Without having first undergone a most severe training, by which he becomes a perfect master of the elements of his art, all the greatest natural gifts will avail him nothing. And this severe training is not wanted, at any rate, to the same extent, for prose composition. Prose comes more naturally to the writer, and is therefore more readily adopted. And thus we often find authors who ought to have been poets, working on contentedly at prose; but at times the light within them shines forth, although hidden, and often well-nigh quenched by the ruthless hand of its possessor.

Had Miss Bronte not been a poet as well as a novelist, we should never have had the touching picture of Helen Burns's death in 'Jane Eyre.' What true poetry there is in much of 'Adam Bede' and the other novels of George Eliot. Let me quote, as an instance of prose poetry, this beautiful passage from 'Cometh up as a Flower,' which is, perhaps, unknown to the reader:—

'So they left me and my old man alone together—we had always loved to be together, hadn't we? The wind rose a little at nightfall, and came sighing, sobbing, *keening*, about the old eaves and gables, and the snow turned to sleet, and beat and pattered against the panes.

'It seemed hard to die on such a night: so hard for a poor bare soul to go shuddering out into the great dark void. I could have let him go from me better, I thought, on some bright, warm summer morning, when you could almost see heaven's gates a long way up in the azure depths.

'Gradually he sank into a stupor; He who does all things well, took away from him all knowledge of the past, present, and to come; all consciousness of his pains and aches; of his debts and his sorrows, and even of his little pet daughter kneeling by his bedside, with her head in the counterpane, choking and shaking in her sobs.

'The night deepened, waned; the candles flared tall and yellow, and the wind sank; still I knelt on, holding the hand that was ever growing colder, colder, with my eyes rivetted on that sunken face, that looked so old, so gray, and so very peaceful; I was learning off every line and hollow in it; printing it in my icy, desolate heart, against the time when I should have but memory left of him. The breathing had grown fainter, fainter; sometimes it paused quite for a second or two, then laboured on for a space, intermittent, feeble; the pauses grew longer—longer; the gasps lower—weaker—weaker—then stopped! And about the fourth watch of the night came One into that upper chamber—One that had not been there before.

'A great quiet awe stole over me ; I rose from my knees very gently, reverently, and bent over him. "He is gone !" I said to myself, when suddenly the old kind eyes opened once again wide, with an infinite glad surprise in them, as if they had seen some pleasant jocund sight—My old man ! God grant that it was so !—and then the eyelids closed again very softly, and he was not.'

Let us now revert to the tendency among women poets to transgress the bounds of delicate feeling, in their endeavour to show masculine vigour. This fault I hinted at above, but it is of so important a character that it must not be merely alluded to. There are many subjects which by their very nature no poet can with any success introduce into his writings, although many, which at first sight seem very uninviting, have, by great masters of the art, been shown to admit of true poetic treatment. A poet, in the broadest sense of the word, has been well defined as a man who makes others see and feel what is beautiful. If, then, he treats of subjects which are utterly devoid of beauty, which cannot by their contemplation give us pleasure, but rather pain and disgust, he can hardly expect that his writings will be acknowledged as essentially poetic, however much they may command admiration for other qualities. Women, in their poetry, have frequently fallen into this mistake. They have endeavoured to obtain a reputation for masculine power and vigour by attempting descriptions of those feelings and passions which their sex is supposed neither to possess or even to be acquainted with. It is the old story, which surprises us by its appearance when least expected, of the woman becoming the man; of the woman putting herself on an entirely same footing, and trying to take upon herself an entirely similar nature. And so instead of making a study of those tenderer feelings of our nature, instead of displaying in her poetry that deep sensibility and nice discrimination of shades of character, which women are universally admitted to possess in such an eminent degree, we find a constant strain after masculine effect, and, at times, even a display of those feelings which are bad enough in a man and still worse in a woman. 'Aurora Leigh,' for example, although containing passages of great beauty, both critical and ethical, is sadly marred by this fault. When you lay it down you are conscious that its cleverness is a disagreeable, strained cleverness, that the writer is never either contented or at her ease—so that the effect of the whole is irritating and unsatisfactory. Open the book almost anywhere and my meaning will be instantly apparent. These lines will illustrate it :

Faces ! O my God,
We call those faces ? men's and women's—ay,
And children's ;—babies, hanging like a rag
Forgotten on their mother's neck—poor mouths,

Wiped clean of mother's milk by mother's blow
 Before they are taught her cursing: Faces?—pew!
 We call them vices, festerings to despairs;
 Or sorrows, petrifying to vices; not
 A finger-touch of God left whole on them:
 All ruined, lost—the countenance worn out
 As the garment, the will dissolute as the act,
 The passions loose and dragging in the dirt
 To trip a foot up at the first free step!
 Those faces? 'Twas as if you had stirred up hell
 To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
 In fiery swirls of slime—such strangling fronts,
 Such obdurate jaws were thrown up constantly
 To twit you with your race, corrupt your blood,
 And grind to devilish colours all your dreams
 Henceforth—though, haply, you shall drop asleep
 By clink of silvery waters, in a muse
 On Raffael's mild Madonna of the Bird.

This sort of writing may be called poetry in spasms, and eloquence in shrieks; it is about as near true oratory as an excited street preacher's harangues. I know of no passage in any man's poetry, which in half-a-dozen lines introduces such expressions as 'dreg-fiends,' 'fiery swirls of slime,' 'obdurate jaws,' and, grinding one's dreams to 'devilish colours.' Lines such as these doth ill become a lady to have written, and only excite feelings of disgust when they are read. The object of producing them, seems to be, to show that no feelings of female delicacy withhold the writer from showing that she does not run into the other extreme of ultra-female sentimentality, and that she can look on sights of horror and ghastly suffering with the same command over her weaker nature, as the stoutest man.

There is one more phase of women's poetry which I will notice, before concluding. In devotional poetry, or poetry of a religious tone, women have been specially successful—indeed, one might almost say, more successful than men; for a woman's mind is more adapted for the comprehension of the poetic side of religion, and more inclined to the contemplation of religious subjects than a man's. A man looks on the prose side: a woman on the poetic. A man's religion is active: a woman's is passive. The life of a good man is passed in active charity, alms-deeds, or mission-work: the life of a good woman is often passed without these more showy fruits, but in a spirit of greater religious fervour, of more constant prayer, and of greater devotional rapture. Men seem to derive greater comfort and pleasure from active Christian work: women from services and spiritual exercises. Women seem to grasp more fully the prospect of a life beyond the grave, and to have more power of picturing a heavenly existence: and so

religious contemplation seems to give them more help and strength than it does to men. These characteristics are very apparent in their poetry, and to a great extent account for its excellence. There is not a single poetess of note, who has not written sacred poetry ; some, as Miss Procter, owe their reputation almost entirely to it. Some of our best hymns are written by women, Mrs. Adams's 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' for example. Perhaps the best poem of Mrs. Barbauld's is this short religious one entitled 'Life,' which reminds the reader of Coleridge :

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good Night,—but in some better clime
Bid me Good Morning !

It is hardly necessary to mention the names of Miss Catherine Winkworth, Miss Smedley, and many others who have especially distinguished themselves in this line of poetry.

Thus there is no doubt that women have many natural qualifications, which go to make the true poet—many which men rarely possess in very great degree. Their work in this line has already produced fruit which will last for many a day, and which is of a much higher order than perhaps any other that women have ever attempted. This has, I have endeavoured to show, been often marred by attempts to make use of gifts and qualifications alien to women's nature ; it has reached its highest excellence when those peculiar to women have been given full license.

E. L. BRYANS.

REVIVAL OF THE FACULTIES AT OXFORD.

BY THOMAS ARNOLD, M.A.

PART II.

It is our firm conviction that the great educational problem for England at the present day is, how best to organise her universities (and we are speaking more particularly of Oxford) for the purposes of learning and science; and we maintain that the only sure way of doing this is by reconstituting the faculties as the vital and directing centres of the studies of the place. To establish these propositions, and, finally, to suggest a method by which the change might be safely and gradually carried out, will be our task in the remaining portion of this article.

Two leading principles must first be laid down:

1. That in university education the prime controlling power is of right the State, and not the Church.
2. That in a well-organised university the teaching and learning should be of the professor and student, not of the tutor and pupil, type.

The first proposition we proceed to establish thus. What is the first essential condition of the problem of university life? It is this: that in the full strength and morning freshness of their faculties, young men destined in every department of social work to be the leaders and lights of society, are brought together to an institution where they can be most fitly and effectively trained for such work. What sort of training, then, is the most fit and effective? The clergy will answer, 'That which teaches them their duty to God and man, and prepares them for another life hereafter;' in other words, a religious training, over which the ministers of religion must naturally preside. We reply that religion is necessary at all ages and in all conditions of life alike; it is the holy atmosphere within which the child, the boy, the youth,

and the man should ever move and perform all his works ; it must be presupposed for the student at the university, no less than for the boy at school, or for the child at its mother's knee. Religious preparation—training for heaven—is the *general* end of man. But this is not the problem before us ; we were asking what is the *special* end of students at universities ; and the only possible answer is, 'The last and crowning preparation for the works of the temporal life.' Now which power presides of right in all that concerns the temporal order—the State or the Church ? Every one who is not prepared to adhere to the bull *Unam Sanctam*, or to endorse the Syllabus of Pius IX., will reply unhesitatingly, 'The State.' Therefore the State is the rightful controller of university education.

How then, it will be asked, is due provision to be made for that continuity of the religious development of the individual, during the period of his academical career, which we admit to be necessary, and which the State nevertheless cannot itself supply, nor directly take cognizance of ? Evidently by the concession on the part of the State of full freedom to the Church to surround the students, or such of them as are of willing mind, with all those institutes of consoling and regulating discipline, which, if duly adapted to their years and circumstances, are as strengthening and renovating for them as they are for children and grown men. The Church established the most ancient universities of Europe, our own included, because in the Middle Ages the Gothic barbarism and crass ignorance of the laity incapacitated the State from rising to any higher conception of its functions than was involved in the performance, and that most rudely, of the police of society, by means of the preservation of privileges and franchises, and the restraining of private war or mere high-handed violence. Now that the ancient Greek ideal of the State has emerged again, the Church may wisely and gracefully retire from many functions, which mankind must ever be grateful to her for performing—and on the whole so ably—during the State's minority ; but which now, when the State has become conscious of itself and of its responsibilities, the legitimate ruler, as it alone can adequately, so it is bound in duty to discharge. Among these functions the control of the higher education is necessarily included.

The second principle, 'That in a well-organised university the teaching and learning should be of the professor and student type, not of the tutor and pupil type,' cannot need much argument in its support. A body of students having been brought together, fitted by their age and previous training to comprehend and profit by the highest kind of teaching, it is manifestly unreasonable to put them off with teaching of an inferior order. It may be said, perhaps, that what the professorial

intellect thinks out at first hand, and expounds in books, it is for the tutorial intellect to master thoroughly, and communicate by the way of lectures to the students. But if we consider the *rôle* of the professor, we shall see that lecturing is an essential part of his vocation. The conditions of the lecture compel him to make his own thoughts clear to himself, restrain him from wandering into too curious disquisitions, prescribe to his researches a definite scope, and clothe them with a definite form. He must be ever teaching, or he could not himself be ever learning—at any rate, not learning to the greatest advantage of mankind. This preliminary objection being removed, the inherent superiority of professorial over tutorial teaching remains in all its force. The professor is one of the rulers of the earth; from his chair he wields the sceptre of intelligence over one fair province of the mighty realm of knowledge; to him it is committed, to cultivate, to explore, and to map out; plain duty unites with inclination to impel him to consecrate his whole time and energies to his task; he knows what fulness and soundness of knowledge are expected from him, and the consciousness of this, with the promptings of a noble ambition, and the enthusiasm that all contact and reality with the heart of things naturally begets, continually animates him to rise to the height of his calling. Fresh from his lips fall new ideas, speculations, and discoveries upon the ears of earnest students, who, by this contact with what Bacon calls the ‘*Scala Intellectûs*’—the actual process by which a powerful mind has discovered truth—feel their own intellectual energies stirred and stimulated in an extraordinary degree. By the tutor, on the other hand, all men understand an instructor of a lower grade. The name itself implies, not, like that of professor, a mastery over the subject that he is teaching, but rather a mastery over the persons taught; discipline, not science, is the tutor’s *raison d’être*. And with this primitive notion of the word, agrees the mixed function of the college tutor, who is supposed to stand in a quasi-parental relation to the young men to whom he lectures. A vast amount of edifying writing has been wasted to prove that this is the best possible of arrangements; the reader may find specimens in the evidence annexed to the Report of the Commission of 1852. We would merely observe that the proceedings of those lively Christ Church undergraduates, who on a certain night in May, 1870, made a bonfire in Peckwater, and after breaking into the college library and taking therefrom a number of valuable busts and statues, one an antique said to be of exquisite design, threw them into the fire and destroyed them, supply a singular comment on the *disciplinary* efficacy of the tutorial system. At any rate, whatever may be the other merits of the tutorial mode of instruction, it is plain it implies a lower standard of learning and attainment, both in the teachers and in the taught, than the professorial. If,

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therefore, the principle already enunciated be a sound one—that university students are entitled to the *highest* order of instruction—the tutorial mode, if employed as the main agency in university teaching, stands self-condemned without further argument. Taking the average of men, they do not rise above the level of what they profess to be; and if the main stream of teaching at any university flows from the lips of men who call themselves tutors, not professors, whose lectures are private or only semi-public, and who were not specially selected for their knowledge of the subjects on which they lecture, we may conclude with certainty that that teaching is inferior to the instruction which comes from recognised professors, is delivered in full publicity, and bears the guarantee of previous selection on the ground of special aptitude and with that qualification.

A third proposition may now be enunciated, which is this :

3. That, whereas the German universities present the most perfect example which European civilisation has hitherto developed of the professor-student type of teaching and learning, while the English universities, and notably Oxford, exemplify mainly the tutor-pupil type, it is expedient, by a revival of the Faculty organisation, to bring the type of education at Oxford considerably more into conformity than at present with that which prevails at the German universities.

Much has been written of late years on the subject of the German universities, and the system which they follow is tolerably well understood by all educated Englishmen. But the work of Hugh Rose, able and instructive as it was, rather inspired in this country a terror of the destructive criticism of the German theological faculties than any other feeling; while the lively sketches of William Howitt drew attention to the eccentricities and vagaries of German students, rather than to the sound mental discipline which they received. Lately Mr. Arnold has published a short and clear account of the German University system in his 'Schools and Universities on the Continent.' But, among all works easily accessible, the treatise of M. Minssen, ('*Etude sur l'instruction secondaire et supérieure en Allemagne*') conveys the clearest notions on the subject to the general reader. We proceed to borrow from this treatise such facts as may be required to explain the practical working of that professorial system which we have shown on *à priori* grounds to be the best suited for employment in superior instruction.

The fundamental difference in character between a German and an English university will be best comprehended, if we observe the different objects with which the students of either country enter upon their academical course. The objects of the German student is to follow certain courses of lectures during three years (in the faculty of medicine during four or five years), without attendance on which,

seconded by vigorous effort on his own part, he could not pass the difficult public examinations (Staatsprüfungen) which in Germany are placed at the entrance of every public career. These examinations come after his university career is over, and the universities have nothing whatever to do with them; still the student knows that unless he can pass the particular examination proper to the profession which he has chosen, his career is a total failure, and he must seek a livelihood in private and less honourable employment. Thus he has the strongest possible motive to take advantage of the opportunities of culture which his university course affords him, since without doing so he could not hope to stand the test.

The object of the Oxford student is to pass certain examinations, with or without honours, scattered over the three or four years of his university course, and at the end of it to take his Bachelor of Arts degree. That degree is attainable by every candidate who can render a piece of English into Latin without blunders, and who, in his two public examinations taken together, has shown a satisfactory acquaintance—(1) with the text and matter of two Greek and two Latin 'books' (e.g., the oration of Demosthenes 'De Corona,' two of Plato's dialogues, the 'Georgias' and 'Protagoras,' the first six books of the 'Æneid' of Virgil, and the first four books of the 'Annals' of Tacitus); (2) with elementary Logic; (3) with Divinity;¹ and (4) with six books of Euclid. If he prefers the Law and Modern History school, or the Natural Science school, the candidate may make corresponding substitutions for the six books of Euclid. These very moderate requirements demand no serious intellectual labour to satisfy them from any but the dull or the ill-prepared. In order, therefore, to supply inducements to exertion which may act upon the clear-headed and well-prepared students, the university establishes class-lists, and publishes *honoris causa* the names of those who have done more work than they were obliged to do, and done it well. In a word, the German student looks forward to professorial lectures, the Oxford student to examinations and class-lists.

A fully organised German University contains all the four faculties, of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy, or, as we say, of Arts. According to this division, science is included under the faculty of philosophy; sometimes, however, it is separated from it, and forms a fifth faculty; sometimes, again, political economy is parted off from philosophy, and gives its name to a sixth faculty. There are some universities which, on account of smallness of population, or some other

¹ The examination in Divinity comprises 'the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek, the history contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments and the subjects of the books, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Evidences of Religion.' But in practice this examination is by no means formidable.

cause, have only two or three faculties; *e.g.* Münster and Braunsberg in Prussia, Aschaffenburg, Ratisbon, and several others in Bavaria. In these incomplete universities the faculties of theology and philosophy are always present.

The head of a German university is its Rector, who is assisted by an academical senate, composed of the Rector for the time being, his predecessor in office, and four or five professors, elected by the different faculties. 'This assembly, presided over by the Rector, is charged with the direction of the internal affairs of the university; it decides, in the last resort, on all questions affecting its organisation and administration, and, in serious cases, exercises a disciplinary power over the students.'¹

Under the senate come the faculties, each of which, considered as a university authority, consists of the ordinary professors attached to it, and is presided over by a dean, selected periodically by the faculty from its own members. The ordinary professors, as a general rule, are appointed by the government. The university year is divided into two unequal semesters, or half-years. The summer semester commences a week or a fortnight after Easter, and terminates in or about the first week of August. The winter semester commences near the end of October, and extends to Easter. A German university is thus at work from thirty-five to thirty-seven weeks in each year.² At the beginning of each semester the different faculties meet, and settle the programme of the lectures to be delivered during its course. But it must not be supposed that the programme announces only the lectures of those professors who constitute the official faculty. The teaching strength of each faculty cannot be measured by the number of its ordinary professors; it depends also upon the number and character of its professors extraordinary, and of its *Privat-docenten*. It is this admirable feature in the constitution of a German faculty on which its elasticity and vigour chiefly depend; it is this which causes the wonderful richness and variety of the intellectual banquet which it provides. Besides the ordinary professors of a faculty, there is always a certain number of extraordinary professors—appointed likewise by the government, and usually from the ranks of the *Privat-docenten*—who do not sit in council with the official faculty, and receive much inferior stipends, but whose rank *as teachers* is just the same as that of the ordinary professors. Again, below the extraordinary professors, nearly every faculty has several *Privat-docenten* aggregated to it; who receive no stipend from government, but having, after searching trials, received the faculty's license to lecture publicly, are thenceforward regarded, *as teachers*, as on the same level with the ordinary and extraordinary professors. A *Privat-docent* is

¹ Minssen, p. 64.

² Oxford is at work barely twenty-five weeks in the year!

usually a young man, who has finished his university studies some two or three years, and has obtained the degree of doctor in the faculty to which he belongs. The nature of the trials to which he is subjected before he can obtain the *licentia docendi* is described at length by M. Minssen (p. 76). After explaining the mode in which the consent of the Minister of Public Instruction has first to be applied for and obtained, he proceeds :

‘The candidate adds to his letter of application [to the faculty] a *curriculum vitæ* in Latin (*dissertatio inauguralis*) either printed or written, and a scientific essay, either in German or in Latin, on subjects comprised under the principal branches of the science which he desires to profess. The faculty then appoints two commissioners to examine the writings and certificates of the candidate. If their report is favourable, he is invited to read a trial lecture, either in German or Latin, before the faculty in full session, for the preparation of which he is allowed a month. After this, the faculty decides whether it is expedient to admit the candidate among the members of the teaching body; if the decision is in the affirmative, the subject of a public lecture is given to him, which he must deliver in Latin, after an interval of not more than three months from the date of his trial lecture. In some universities, the task of maintaining in public a certain number of theses is substituted for the trial lecture.

‘When the candidate has passed with honour through these different trials (*Habilitation*), he is authorised to open courses of lectures upon whatever branch of the special teaching of the faculty he desires to devote himself to, provided only that he has given previous notice of his intentions to the Rector, in order that the latter may cause his lectures to be inscribed in the official programme.’

When he has thus obtained a recognised position, the Privat-docent is free to take his own course. He may lecture on any of the subjects already studied in the faculty, or he may strike out a new path for himself, and—while still keeping within the limits prescribed to the researches of the faculty—investigate obscure and uncultivated places in the field of knowledge, create a new science, a new terminology. Good taste, discretion, a wholesome dread of criticism or ridicule, and, above all, the thorough discipline which his own mind has undergone in its student days, restrain the Privat-docent from committing extravagances and abusing the extraordinary freedom which he enjoys. Almost the only restrictions imposed on him are these : that he must give notice to the dean of his faculty at the beginning of each semester of the subjects on which he intends to lecture, and that he must not take from the students who frequent his courses lower fees than are charged by the ordinary professors for courses on the same subject.

Below the Privat-docenten come the Lectors or Readers, whose usual employment seems to be to teach the language and literature of foreign countries. Last and lowest in the didascalie hierarchy come the masters of different arts and bodily exercises, as of singing, dancing, fencing, &c.

The proportions in which these different classes of teachers are found in the University of Berlin—which contained, in the year 1864, 2,435 students—may be seen in the following table, compiled from the official *Index Lectionum* for the winter semester of 1869-70 :

THE PROFESSORIALTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN FOR THE YEAR 1869-70.

	Ordinary Professors	Extraordinary Professors.	Privat-docents.	Lectors.	Total
Faculty of Theology	5	7	1	—	13
" Law	8	4	5	—	17
" Medicine	14	13	20	—	47
" Philosophy	28 ¹	32	20	4	84
Total . . .	55	56	46	4	161
Masters of fencing, dancing, and riding					3
Total teaching strength of the University of Berlin					164

Let us now turn to Oxford, and examine the state of things there. The teaching, as everyone knows, is mainly delivered by tutors, and within college walls, 'sine ulla sollemnitate,' as the phrase goes at Oxford. It stands to reason, therefore, that, as a general rule, it is more elementary—possesses less of a scientific character—than instruction such as that which has just been described. Not only do pass-men ordinarily go through the university without ever having attended a lecture from anyone above the rank of a tutor, but the same is oftener true than not of men of rare ability and industry, men who distinguish themselves at every examination, and whose names appear repeatedly in the first class. Nor is it our purpose to deny that such men as these last often amass during their academical course a really large amount of sound and valuable knowledge. The thoroughness and impartiality of the testing process to which their intellectual powers—especially in the final classical and philosophical examination—are submitted, are matters which admit of no doubt whatever. On this head, full details are contained in Mr. Pattison's thoughtful and attractive essay, 'Suggestions on Academical Organisation.' And in one important respect, the development of a good style, the Oxford training, with its continual questioning and essay writing, certainly seems to do more for the student than the German

¹ This number includes three Fellows of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

training. On the other hand, the reading of an Oxford first class-man is not philosophically methodised ; it aims at too much ; wears too much the character of a feverish effort to master in the space of two or three years all the chief works in Greek and Roman literature, and the whole range of philosophical thinking, ancient and modern. And all this is mastered in a way by the ablest students ; but the process partakes too much of the nature of what schoolboys call 'cram ;' there is a great competitive effort ; the object is won ; then too often come exhaustion and desultoriness of mind. This is not the way to lay the foundation in an ardent mind of a calm, rational, persistent enthusiasm for science. Many Oxford students obtain first classes, but a lamentably small proportion of them take study for the business of their lives.

Since then the teaching which prevails at Oxford is in its character mainly of the tutorial type, it is unnecessary to give details respecting its greater efficiency here, or its less efficiency there, because that type is manifestly and confessedly less favourable to the promotion of learning and science than the professorial type. A sort of compromise between the two types has lately been tried at Oxford. Balliol and New College have agreed to be as one institution for educational purposes ; the tutors and lecturers of the two colleges divide the subjects of instruction between them, and considerable latitude is allowed to the undergraduates in the choice of the sets of lectures which they will frequent. And there is a tendency on the part of some other colleges to adopt similar measures. In a certain sense these efforts have been made in the right direction ; they have secured greater intellectual liberty both to teachers and pupils, and so far have advanced the cause of learning. But that cause is too sacred, too vitally bound up with the national well-being, to be left to the precarious efforts of colleges, which may happen to rise above the general level of energy and intelligence belonging to their fellow institutions. In the advancement of learning, the national and legitimate organs of the nation are its universities ; the natural and legitimate organs of each university are, not the colleges, but the faculties. These voluntary efforts of particular bodies within the university deserve their due meed of praise, and reflect infinite credit upon individuals ; but their voluntary character is their condemnation ; generations may pass before the spirit and example of Balliol extend themselves to—well, certain other colleges ; and the nation cannot afford to wait. The revival of the faculties will not in any way interfere with these local ameliorations, but will pave the way for an intellectual uprising which shall affect the entire university.

But what has to be said about the existing professors at Oxford ? Do we attach no value to their services ? On the contrary, we attach the

very highest; it is to these hard-working and meritorious men that we look, to form the nucleus of the fuller and more actively employed professoriate of the future. But at present the nugatoriness of the Oxford professoriate is undeniable; and it is explained by two considerations. 1. That by the constitution of the university the professoriate is cut off from living connection with and inter-dependence on the studies of the place. 2. That the professorial staff is far too weak to undertake the responsibility which is undertaken by the principal German universities, viz.: 'to guarantee *in solidum* to the State that the instruction shall be *complete*.'¹ Of the truth of the first of these statements we have already adduced incidental proof. The simple facts are, that the studies of Oxford undergraduates are grouped round and determined by the public examinations, and that these examinations are in no way influenced by the professors, and stand in no definite relations to their lectures.² The examiners are simply select members of the tutorial body, examining in the subjects taught by that body. The professoriate is, so to speak, a decorative adjunct to the academical fabric, and in no sense 'bears up the pillars thereof.' In Germany, as we have seen, the faculties—that is, the professors aided by men of professorial calibre—are the *universitas doceus*; on their teaching hinge the studies of the place.

The truth of the second proposition, that the professorial body at Oxford is too weak to guarantee completeness in the circle of instruction, will be evident from the following table, which we beg the reader to compare with that given on page 500. It must be premised that in 1869 Oxford contained 2,079 students, a number not far short of that at the university at Berlin.

THE PROFESSORiate OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD FOR THE YEAR 1869-70.

	Professors.	Readers, Lecturers, and Teachers.	Total.
Faculty of Theology	6	1	7
" Law	3	2	5
" Medicine	2	—	2
" Arts (Philosophy)	24	6	30
	35	9	44

These few figures are enough to show how numerous must be the branches of science and learning in which Oxford provides its students

¹ Minssen, p. 66, note.

² Only in regard to the school of Law and Modern History does this statement require to be partially modified. That professorial teaching may also make itself felt in the new school of Theology seems not improbable.

with little or no teaching of the highest type. At the date of the returns given by M. Minssen, Bonn, with 935 students, had a professoriate of 96 persons; Königsberg, with 425 students, of 62 persons. These are Prussian universities. In Baden, Freiberg, with 307 students, had a professoriate of 47 persons; at Tübingen, in Würtemberg, the numbers were 739 and 80; while Göttingen, in Hanover, with 711 students, had the extraordinary teaching staff of 122 persons. At Oxford, as we see, for 2,079 students, there is a professoriate of 44 persons. The general result is that, while in the German universities the proportion of the professors to the students is that of 1 to 9 nearly, in Oxford the proportion is as 1 to 47 $\frac{1}{4}$.

It is not for us to point out what are the most glaring and lamentable gaps thus left in the circle of instruction; but that they are numerous every educated man or woman will at once perceive. There is a very simple means by which the university may ascertain its own deficiencies; and to ascertain them is the first step towards repairing them. Let but the faculties be revived, and hold periodical meetings; and it is absolutely certain that the able men who already occupy chairs will in a very brief space of time ask to be reinforced by such a staff of colleagues as will enable them truly to command the various fields over which their teaching commission extends.

It remains, in order to complete the task which we have undertaken, to suggest some practicable plan by which the faculties may be brought into working order. But a few words must first be devoted to the proposals made by Mr. Pattison with a somewhat similar object, in the admirable work already quoted. We cannot pretend to do justice to the profound conceptions, the lucid and incisive style, and the strong combining imagination of the author: our purpose is merely to deal with his plan, considered as a practical contribution towards the attainment of certain reforms. Considered thus, we fear it must be at once pronounced that the plan would not work. Without urging the immediate organisation of the faculties as teaching bodies, Mr. Pattison proposes that the revenues of certain colleges should be diverted from their present application, and devoted to the sustentation of particular faculties, e.g., that the endowments of All Souls' College should be appropriated to the faculty of Law (p. 190), those of Corpus, Merton, and Magdalen Colleges to the faculty of Science, of Queen's to the sub-faculty of History, and so on. Now, when the *vis inertiae* of all corporate bodies, especially when you touch their property, is considered; when therefore we call to mind that there is not the remotest chance of the colleges thus threatened with re-construction giving their voluntary consent to the process, so that the power of Parliament would have to be invoked, in order to compel them: lastly, when we consider the tenderness

with which solid vested interests are always treated in the House of Commons, and the ease with which a practised speaker could denounce the scheme as utopian, visionary, impracticable, and so forth, it is impossible to regard Mr. Pattison's proposal as falling under the category of practicable reforms.

The problem being, how to reconcile the existing collegiate system with the revival of the faculties, the following is an outline of the measures which might be adopted for the purpose. First of all, a draught statute would have to be introduced into the Hebdomadal council and passed by Congregation and Convocation, creating councils of the different faculties. These councils might be constituted somewhat as follows: The existing professors in each faculty would form the nucleus of its council. But since the actual teaching of the university is at present for the most part carried on by and in the colleges, it would be both just and necessary that the college tutors should be adequately represented in the faculties. The proportion in which they should be represented is a detail that would require careful consideration. On the one hand it would be undesirable that the professorial element in the councils, representing the higher type of teaching, should run any danger of being swamped by the tutorial element, representing the lower; on the other hand, unless the tutors were strong enough on the councils to exercise a real controlling power, there would be some danger of precipitate action, and of the adoption of fanciful and ill-considered schemes. If the tutors stood to the professors in each council in the proportion of one to two, both dangers would, perhaps, be guarded against. Thus, in the faculty of Theology, which now contains six professors, the council of the faculty would consist of nine members, viz.: these six, and three representatives elected from the body of tutors. If at any future time the number of professors were increased the number of representatives should of course be increased in the same proportion. The election could be easily managed. The Vice-Chancellor having determined, according to the clause in the statute to that intent, the number of tutor representatives that should sit on each faculty, Congregation would meet on a day to be named in the statute, and vote on lists of names brought before it by individual members, just as it now votes for members of the Hebdomadal council when vacancies occur in that body. These representatives might be elected to sit for two years; and to avoid the evils of too frequent canvassing and party strife, it might be well to enact that vacancies occurring in the interval should be filled up by the faculties themselves.

After being thus definitely constituted, the council of the faculties would be empowered under the statute to hold weekly meetings for the

transaction of business. Each council would first appoint a dean of faculty, and a secretary, from among its own members. The condition at Oxford of the studies comprised within the circle of its operations would form the first subject for discussion, and the best means of improving that condition the second. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that the faculties, thus re-organised, would soon see their way to important and salutary reforms, by which solid learning would be promoted, and the renown of their ancient university be placed on a secure basis. But as some might be inclined to question whether, even after the faculties had been thus revived, any great practical results would follow, we will endeavour to indicate the lines on which their action, while scarcely at all interfering with the existing system of instruction, might easily confer solid benefits on English society. What we have to say on this may best be arranged under the heads of the different faculties.

Faculty of Theology.—One considerable advantage would belong to this faculty from the outset of its operations, viz., that since several of the theological professors are joint electors, with the Vice-Chancellor and proctors, of the examiners who are to sit in the theological school, there ought to be little difficulty in bringing the operations of the school into complete harmony with those of the faculty. There is perhaps something slightly grotesque in the notion of promoting divine studies by the stimulus of the class-list, with its first, second, and third grade of honour. The *φιλονεικία*, 'which of them should be accounted the greatest,' which the founder of our religion carefully repressed, is deliberately adopted by us here at Oxford, as the right chord to appeal to in the breasts of candidates for the sacred ministry. But let that pass. It is more to the purpose to say, that by a judicious use of the power of licensing (under regulations which will be discussed when we come to speak of the faculty of Arts), the faculty of Theology would have it in its power to organise a full cycle of theological teaching, and that of the most effective description. By arrangements between the Bishops and the faculty, courses of lectures—partly fixed and partly alternative—might be settled, certificates of attendance at which should be required in future from all Oxford candidates for holy orders. It is even conceivable that if the teaching were once made adequate in its scope and excellent in its kind, and if, according to the natural development which religious instruction takes in a Protestant university, the study of the historical and psychological genesis of opinions were substituted for the inculcation of a dogmatic system, the certificates of an Oxford faculty of Theology might come to be regarded among the Nonconformists themselves as an important, if not an essential, testimony to the intellectual qualifications of candidates for their ministry.

Faculty of Law.—The peculiar conditions under which the legal pro-

profession is carried on in this country surround the question of the reform of legal education with many difficulties. An eminent Queen's counsel, in a letter which we are permitted to make use of, thus concisely explains the difficulty: 'The state of legal education in our profession is utterly discreditable, and that there exist great and sound lawyers is only a proof of the way in which our countrymen individually contrive to do, without system and theory, what they might do so much better and in so much larger numbers, with them.' After saying that he is not sanguine as to the success of the efforts now being made to found a legal university, he continues: 'We have nothing which can be called scientific or systematic law amongst us; and the division of the profession into attorneys and barristers, though it has its advantages, has this great disadvantage, that the barrister is wholly dependent on the attorney, and that the most eminent and competent man may be, and often is, left without business, while the son, or nephew, or cousin, of a great attorney is by mere practice (which is showered upon him) turned into a competent practical performer. I doubt if English law will ever be a science while the judges who make the law are, generally speaking, either the results of the system I have described, or are made judges to serve the political exigences of a Ministry.'

There certainly seems to be small encouragement to labour for the reform of legal studies at the universities, when the prospect of future professional success is referable so largely to the accidents of personal connection and patronage, and scientific knowledge is rated so low. Cowper ironically says,—

The parson knows enough who knows a duke.

It seems that one might say, with equal force, that the barrister 'knows enough' who knows a great attorney.

Yet the same excellent authority whose letter we have quoted allows us to hope that a foundation might even now be laid on which a better state of things might gradually arise. He considers it 'probable' that the benchers of one of the Inns of Court, of which he is himself a member—he will hazard no assertion as to the other two—would be willing to co-operate with the universities with a view to the establishment of a scheme of legal education in pursuance of which the benchers would 'accept the certificate of the universities as a title for the call to the bar.' But the universities are not entitled to enter into a serious negotiation with the benchers until they have organised their faculties of Law, and filled in the gaps in the circle of the higher instruction in jurisprudence. When they can say, 'The student of law with us can obtain as thorough a training in the theory of every branch of the law of nature and of nations, as well as of the *lex loci*, as the German

student can obtain at Berlin or Marburg, then, and not till then, will their certificates obtain or deserve professional recognition.

Faculty of Medicine.—The state of things at Oxford in relation to medical studies is one of the saddest and most humiliating spectacles that it is possible to conceive. Göttingen with its 12,000 inhabitants, Würzburg with its 40,000, and Montpellier with its 55,000, are all centres of thought and vigorous investigation, for all the sciences and empirical procedures connected with medicine. Oxford, which has 30,000 inhabitants, has *two* medical professors, including the professor of Physiology, and she confers medical degrees—those of doctor and bachelor—at the rate of four or five per annum. Is it that medical students would not resort to Oxford if they could get instruction there? Not so; it is Oxford that deliberately repels them. On p. 130 of the Calendar for 1871 will be found this extraordinary regulation: 'No one may be admitted a student in Medicine until he has passed all the examinations required for the degree of B.A.' Again, on p. 118: 'For the position of student of Medicine twelve terms are required, which must be terms of residence.' That is, a man must be up at Oxford for three years, and pass all sorts of classical examinations, before he can set to work as a medical student. It would be impossible to say in plainer words, 'There shall be no medical school at Oxford.' The class which supplies medical men to England is not generally wealthy; the professional training required by the State and by the licensing bodies is under any circumstances expensive, and lasts over several years: what then shall we think of an English university which, while professing to encourage the study of medicine, maintains a regulation forbidding anyone to commence that study until he has spent three years in acquiring knowledge, nine-tenths of which will be utterly useless to him in after life? The very formation of a medical school in the face of such a regulation is of course impossible. The first duty therefore of the faculty of Medicine, when revived under the proposed statute, would be to petition the university for the repeal of this absurd restriction. Its next would be, to lay before Convocation its own deplorable condition, and to pray that at least such a number of additional professors might be appointed, under a statute to be passed for that purpose, as would make it possible for a student to obtain at Oxford all the theoretical knowledge, to say the least, required by his profession. This done, medical students would soon be attracted to Oxford, and the certificates of attendance at the lectures of the Oxford medical professors would be as readily accepted by the licensing bodies as are now the certificates of the professors of University College, Gower Street, or any other well-known London school.

Faculty of Arts.—Here the first question to be decided would be

whether Science should be included under the head of Arts (Philosophy), or be assigned to a distinct faculty. To enter upon such a discussion here and now would be premature. But considering the happy progress which purely scientific studies have made of late years in the University, considering also the sumptuous material habitation already provided for a faculty of Science in the Museum and the new Hyde Building, we should be disposed to advocate the erection of a separate faculty,¹ with the power of granting diplomas in Science.

As to the faculty of Arts, the pre-occupation of the ground by the examination system, which it would be both unwise and extremely difficult to supersede, would for a long time disable it from exercising much direct influence, either in Oxford itself, or on the professional career of graduates in Arts. But though the class-lists at Moderations and in the final schools must long continue to control the industry and direct the ambition of the abler students, it is easy to indicate several lines on which the activity of the faculty of Arts might find legitimate employment.

1. Several new chairs would need to be established, in order to bring the teaching power of Oxford, in literature and philosophy, on a level with that of an average German university.

2. The faculty might consider the means of introducing a class of recognised lecturers or readers, similar to the Privat-docenten in Germany, and might frame rules for the purpose. In ancient times, every Master of Arts, having gone through a given course of studies, exercises, and public disputations, was supposed to receive, with the degree, the university license to teach. Even under the Laudian statutes an attempt was made to require the exhibition of real knowledge and proficiency from the candidate for the M.A. degree; but it soon came to nothing. It is impossible that a degree which admits the successful candidate as a member of a corporation, enjoying large political rights, great privileges of patronage and property, and high social estimation, should long retain purely *intellectual* conditions, as indispensable for its attainment. But in the case of the proposed lecturers, their object in seeking the license would simply be, that they might teach with greater prestige and authority: intellectual conditions may here therefore be fitly exacted. A certain standing ought to be required—though the holding of the M.A. degree need not be considered essential—and certain proofs of competency should be rigorously exacted, as we saw was the case with the Privat-docenten (ante, p. 499). But these are matters of detail, which the faculty would find it easy to arrange.

¹ It would be interesting to know the reasons which induce the great University of Berlin to group Science with Philosophy and Letters under one faculty. The separation, however, is carried out at Tübingen, Giessen, and elsewhere.

3. Having, with the aid of its licensed lecturers, obtained an effectual command over the whole field of studies assigned to it, the faculty might, after a time, establish a system of certificates of attendance on prescribed courses of lectures, arranged with a view to the exigences of the different professions. Thus a schoolmaster would have to attend lectures on *Pedagogik*, as the Germans call it, to have been for some time employed in a practising school, or *seminarium Philologicum*, superintended by the faculty, and to have followed such courses on other subjects as the faculty might determine. In proportion as the courses of lectures became more varied and more scientific, the value of such scientific certificates would rise; and the time would come when the possession of one would be considered as, *prima facie*, a better recommendation of a young man to any post where trained intelligence was in demand, than any place in the class-list below the highest.

The task which we set ourselves in writing this article is now, so far as our powers extended, accomplished. The professorial type of instruction has been shown to be superior to the tutuorial; and a method has been indicated by which, without any violent or precipitate changes, the former type might be introduced at Oxford. The moment is critical; and if Oxford continues to lag in the rear, the nation will march on; and confide to others the responsibility which she has misused. England cannot do without real learning and incessant scientific activity; and if Oxford refuses to be other than what our German friends truly call us, 'a great gymnasium,'—faculties will be established before long in the great northern towns, and learning will migrate from the Isis to the Irwell or the Tyne. Already the position of the University of London, relatively to the older universities has risen immeasurably above what it was twenty years ago. To meet her rivals, Oxford has advantages of which she cannot be deprived—an origin lost in the mists of antiquity, a history bound up with that of the nation itself, renown, beauty, wealth, priority. On the territorial families of England, on the clergy, and on a portion of the great industrial class, she exercises an attraction as potent as ever. If, content with this measure of influence, she renounces the pretension of leading, or at least powerfully stimulating and controlling, the thought of the entire nation, her ultimate humiliation, though the day may be deferred, is certain. But if, re-organising herself in accordance with the wants of our time, and the best light that reason and experience have struck out, she resolves that, so far as she is concerned, no country in the world shall boast a more complete system of superior instruction than England; a career of honourable service in the cause of truth and progress lies before her, which neither her medieval nor her modern annals would be able to parallel.

ANTIGONE.



THE words are uttered ; now a pitiless fate
 Draws me towards yonder desolate dark cave
 On the dim mountain side, where steps of men,
 Of wandering shepherds, homeward to the fold
 Guiding their weary flocks at eventide,
 Approach not—even the place where I must die.
 And thou, O Hæmon ! whom amidst the youth—
 The chosen youth of Thebes—I have so loved
 And given my virgin heart, remember me
 With calm thoughts of that unforgotten time,
 Long hoped-for, but now lost, for ever lost—
 Yield not thy soul to a passionate despair.
 The sunlight, or the eternal roll and change
 Of gracious seasons—or the pitying stars
 Which light me, moving towards perpetual night—
 Or sad Ismene, with her fruitless prayer
 For mercy—or the anguish in thy soul
 Scares not the awful shadow, which not yet
 Has ceased to hover, spreading fatal wings
 O'er the doomed race of wretched Œdipus.
 Ah me, unhappy ! retribution comes—
 Stalking in gloom thro' melancholy halls
 Once beautiful, the stateliest in the land—
 Thy home now, cruel Creon ; yet my crime
 Is not my shame, but thine ; for I behold
 Polynices the beloved one on the shore
 In the silent land of shadows, and I come.
 Lo ! I depart thro' the dim wavering gates
 The mist-like portals of that Autumn realm,
 Where mighty Orcus reigns ; and the stern queen
 Persephoné, who rules, with sceptre pale
 And calm eternal eyes, the gliding shades
 That wail around the shores of Acheron—
 Calls me, with sweet sad voice to take my place
 In divine dells, and glades of happy rest.

JAMES BEALE.

THE ANGEL OF EBLIS.

THE caravan from Nejed to Mecca had halted for the night at a cluster of wells. The pilgrims, distributed into numerous little knots, were engaged in the many duties of an Arabian encampment; some pouring water for their camels into round holes scooped in the earth; some unlading or piling the baggage; while others made fires with the dry grass and roots of colocynth, or kneaded with their unwashed hands the coarse flour which, after roasting a few minutes beneath the hot embers, would become their midnight meal. Into one of these groups entered two men, carrying on their backs skins filled with water; the younger of them laying down some apparently disputed point with a vigour which at once attracted marked attention from the whole party.

‘What is your quarrel, Said?’ exclaimed one of them.

‘Oh!’ he cried, ‘Hamud and I were arguing whether forgiveness was possible for Eblis,¹ and the angels who fell with him. We heard some Shakra men questioning at the wells.’

‘And what think you?’

‘Harut and Marut will be forgiven,’ he replied, evasively.

‘The angels of Babel sinned not as Eblis,’ threw in Hamud.

‘Allah is merciful!’ answered Said.

‘They who reject Allah’s sovereignty reject his mercy,’ was the rejoinder.

At this moment one of the number drew their notice to a stranger, who, leaning on his staff at some distance, seemed to drink in each word of the discussion. Tall, graceful, and singularly beautiful as the newly risen moon showed him to be, it admitted of excuse if the gaze of the company rested on him longer than was consistent with Oriental

¹ Eblis is the Mahommedan Satan; his name is said to be a corruption of *Diabolus*. Harut and Marut, the angels of Babel, alone showed no sympathy with the weakness of human nature, and were accordingly sent to earth, that they might undergo temptation. Yielding to it, they were offered the choice of punishment now or hereafter: they preferred the former, and are suspended by the feet in a chasm at Babel.

courtesy. His hair, too, was flaxen, or nearer the colour of pale gold; while his complexion was fairer than that of an Arab.

‘I never before knew Circassians come this way to Mecca,’ whispered an old man in the circle.

Perceiving that the stranger was conscious of their attention, Said advanced, and greeting him with the customary ‘Mahraba’ (Welcome), asked whether he was interested in the dispute.

‘I listened to it while you were filling your skins,’ he replied; ‘and confess that I followed you hither from a curiosity to hear your conclusion.’

‘Nay, then, since we are unable to satisfy each other, do you, O Mirror of the Koran, decide between us.’

‘I will tell you what happened to an Angel of Eblis,’ answered the stranger; ‘but I know not whether you will believe me.’

The whole party hastened, with Arab politeness, to assure him of the impossibility of their doubting; and pressed on him a carpet near the fire. Declining this, however, and seating himself upon a camel that lay along the grass, he began:

‘Until the Flood destroyed the old earth, Eden remained unchanged from the hour when Adam left it. On every side but one, the four rivers were its barriers, and on that side was the gate of the Garden. No man ever strove to enter it, save Yarad and Marad, the sons of Kabeel,¹ whom the angel of the gate struck dead. But to his own angels Allah gave leave to enjoy it, because not the fields of heaven were more lovely: also he permitted the angels of Eblis, who could not enjoy it, to enter, that it might bring them bitter remembrance of those eternal delights which they had abandoned for the fires of Gehim.

‘A summer’s day was closing over the Garden. Every tree, every flower, and every fountain, shone thrice-beautiful in the broad tide of rose-coloured light which streamed upon it. The light fell also upon the angels of Allah in the Garden, and every lesser angel appeared as one of the Azazil, and each of the Azazil as one of the seven that stand around the throne. Also the light blazed upon the Euphrates, till it fell upon Huriel, the Angel of Eblis, sitting on the river-bank of the Garden. Once he was fairest of the Azazil; still the brilliancy of a planet shot from his eyes; still the rippling gold of his locks flowed like a sunny cascade over his wings: but on his brow was the glowing brand set there by the hand of Allah to mark him a fallen rebel; and in his every feature, that agony passing all mortal agonies—the Agony Unspeakable that only the angels of Eblis and the dead in Gehim feel. Sometimes he raised his

¹ The Arab name of Cain: Habel being that of Abel. Gehim is Gehenna. The Azazil are the order of angels who stand round the throne, next to the seven archangels.

head, and gazing at the scene around him wept. Sometimes he dipped his palm in the Euphrates and moistened his burning brow, as if the waters of a river of Paradise might possess a soothing charm even for him; while anon the spirit of one ready to bear his worst proudly and defiantly flashed from his eyes—to be succeeded again by a fresh burst of unutterable remorse and misery.

“No rest,” were his thoughts; “no momentary pause from anguish measureless and eternal! To the sons of earth hath Allah given forgetfulness of labour and reward of toil in abatement of their curse; nor this alone: the hope of heaven is added. Yet irksome to both alike was the slight yoke of their duty: both alike rebelled. Alas! mankind fell part in ignorance—the angels of Eblis in their knowledge. Therefore no mercy awaits us; no moment’s slackening of the penalty is granted us; no sleep—no mental age, to wear out reason. If we should bow to Allah and acknowledge our sin, shall it profit us? Nay; but to roam thus—bearing with us a double hell, in body and in mind—is the hope wedded to us for all eternity!”

‘And the Angel of Eblis sent forth such a wail of anguish that the wood birds hearing it hung fluttering in their mid-flight; the very leaves seemed to shudder with an impulse which the almost motionless air had not given them; and the angels of Allah in the Garden bowed their heads, saying, “The might of Allah endureth for ever, and his enemies shall be confounded at it.”

‘But there was one of them standing by the river-bank that said, “The mercy of Allah endureth for ever.” And Huriel raised his eyes, and saw beside him Asdraphel, one of the Azazil, with whom he was wont to sing praises before the throne and to wander through the meads of heaven; so that the angels of Allah said to each other, “May your love be to me as the love of Huriel and Asdraphel.”

‘And Huriel, looking up, saw Asdraphel, but could not answer. And Asdraphel said to him, “I saw thee last in the flying host of Eblis, and deemed that thy zeal had made thee foremost of the pursuers.”

‘And Huriel said, “Last of all was I deceived by him; and last of all I fled, when the battle was against us. In Gehim, when my companions cursed Allah, I knew my sin and was silent. To-day, Eblis said ‘Let Huriel also go forth to tempt the sons of Adam; let his part be as the part of the rest.’ And I arose from Gehim, and went not to tempt the sons of Adam; but came hither to lament my sin.”

‘Then Asdraphel said, “Hast thou prayed?”

‘Huriel said, “The anger of Allah flinches not.”

‘Asdraphel answered, “Humble thyself.”

‘Then Huriel bowed to the ground, and said, “I have sinned against the Lord Allah; the Lord Allah remit my sin.”

'Then spoke Asdraphel: "I too had prayed for thee, and He hath sent me with a message of hope: try thyself with the trial that is fiercest, and the portal of heaven shall open again. Till that day I may speak no more with thee;" and the angel of Allah flew up to the throne.

'But the Angel of Eblis went on his way through the earth. Three years he strove in vain to find the ordeal; the tiger and serpent fled before his fearful presence, the polar wastes could not freeze the veins in which the fires of Gehim flowed, the whole force of a mortal creation was powerless to inflict on an immortal the tortures which he sought from it.

'At last he said, "Perchance it will come unawares; I will return to Gehim." So Huriel went back to Gehim; and Eblis, sitting on his throne, saw him and said, "Has thy part been as the part of the rest, O Huriel?" And Huriel replied, "O Eblis, I have no part with you save in Gehim: other part have I none with them that sin against Allah." Then there went up a great shout of mocking and laughter in Gehim, and Eblis cried, "Huriel, he that hath Eblis to his friend is powerful and free, and he that hath Allah to his friend is powerful and happy: woe to him that hath neither Eblis nor Allah." And he said to his angels, "Bind and carry him to the borders of heaven: us he hath forsaken—let us see whether Allah will have him;" and they rose at his word, and cast the bonds over Huriel to carry him forth.

'They rose, and the gates of Gehim opened wide—but not at their bidding: they rose, and a clash of arms was heard—but not the arms of Gehim. Michael stood before them with the sword of Allah, at which even Eblis trembles, and on either hand of him stood the Azazil. And Michael cut the bonds of Huriel, and said, "O Huriel, thou hast fulfilled the hardest trial: thou hast confessed Allah in the halls of Eblis, and in the halls of Eblis doth Allah acknowledge thee." And Michael took him by the right hand, and Asdraphel by the left, and the brand faded from his brow, the Agony Unspeakable from his face, and there was joy in heaven that day over one that had fallen and stood again, more than over myriads that fell not.'

The stranger ended amid a general exclamation from the Koran, 'Allah is forgiving, merciful.' Hamud alone added, 'Is this true?' The stranger replied, 'Did I not say that thou wouldst not believe me? ask Nebbayah therefore.' Nebbayah was the sick daughter of the prophet of the tribe, whom he loved more than the whole world, and carried with him even on the long pilgrimage to Mecca—so good and wise for her years that some said the angels talked with her. 'Yes,' said Hamud, 'we will ask Nebbayah: she knows everything.' But while their eyes were all turned to her, waiting for an answer and wondering at her speechlessness and fixed gaze, she pointed to the place where the

stranger sat, and slowly upward; and when they looked he was gone. 'It is late,' said one of them, 'he has returned to his friends; mayhap they are pitched at some distance from us.'

'He is a cursed Giaour,' exclaimed Hamud; 'what he said at the end is in the books of the Christians.'

'The true religion is known to Allah,' answered Said. 'Tell us, Nebbayah, did he go to his friends? are they far off from us? are they Giaours?'

And the sick girl replied in a strange low voice, 'I do not know whether they are Giaour or Muslim, Said; but they are very far away from all of us.'

For some minutes no one broke the silence that followed, until Nebbayah said, 'Did you not see him shudder while he told us of the Agony Unspeakable—almost as if he had felt it?' And then none spoke for the rest of the night.

But the next morning, Said found Hamud's Koran open at the place where we read, 'As for those who say "Our Lord is Allah," and go straight to Him, the angels shall descend to them.'

E. B. NICHOLSON.

SHE SANG.

—♦—

SHE sang, dim night about us fell,
Draping ghost faces round the room.
She sang; her rising voice dropped light
In liquid glamour down the gloom.

She sang, some low preamble soft
Bound down awhile by staves and bars,
Till, loosened in a wild, sweet shake,
She flung her spirit to the stars.

She sang; I sang; we knew not what,
Some far-off music of the soul,
Till voice touched voice; one vocal kiss
Linked two half lives in one sweet whole.

She sang; I sang; our voices dropped;
The stars died out in rapturous tears
Of dewy dawn; she sang; I sang;
Our spirits sang, throughout the years.

J. E. HARRISON.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHARLES DICKENS' READINGS.¹

IN this little work Miss Field presents us with nine sketches of Readings by Dickens of his own works, as she heard him in America, with her reflections and criticisms upon them. Our authoress commences her task by descriptions of the reception of Dickens at Boston and New York respectively, in the year 1867; and is decidedly humourous in her account of the scramble for tickets which occurred amongst all classes of the inhabitants of the two cities upon the occasion of Dickens' visit. 'Charles Dickens came, and we saw and heard, and he conquered,' writes Miss Field.

In drawing Dickens' portrait, Miss Field animadvertes upon the photographs of him which are generally sold; asserting that in them he looks as if, previous to posing, he had been put under an exhausted receiver, and had had his soul pumped out of him; and she presently confides to her readers that it was not until she saw 'the twinkle in his eyes, that like a promissory note, pledged itself to any amount of fun—within sixty minutes,' that she became resigned to the fact that the great novelist did not closely resemble the Apollo Belvedere.

Miss Field then summarises the leading points made by Dickens in the Readings of the several pieces selected by him; passing a few slight criticisms upon his impersonation as an actor of some of the characters represented; and seeming to be particularly hurt at the curtailments made in the readings of the trial from 'Pickwick,' and of Mrs. Gamp. We must confess, too, that on this point we are inclined to sympathise with her: more especially in the case of Sam Weller, who is deprived in the Reading of his well-known reply to the little Judge, as to how careful he was of the first suit of clothes given him by Mr. Pickwick;

¹ 'Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens' Readings: Taken from Life.' By Kate Field, an American. With Illustrations. London: Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster Row. Boston, U.S.: James Rosgood & Co. 1871.

and of his polite enquiry, upon being told by Serjeant Buzfuz that he 'may go down,' viz. : 'Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin' ?'

Miss Field is particularly happy when, at the commencement of the Reading of the 'Boots at the Holly-tree Inn,' she dilates upon the way in which certain books become as necessary to the inner nature as do the conveniences and elegances of civilization to the outer man ; and these she styles 'human books.'

The book concludes with a description of the farewell scenes at Boston and New York, which, being of a pathetic nature, are free from the Americanisms that somewhat grate upon English ears, in the nevertheless graphic and humourous sketches of the receptions at those cities ; and with a 'verdict,' finding Dickens guilty of five charges brought against him : 1. That he is without a peer, and the master of all English humourists now alive. 2. That he is one of the best actors, and as an interpreter of himself stands unrivalled. 3. That he is the most thoroughly successful literary man of our time. 4. That he has ever been faithful to the profession of letters. And 5. That by his second visit to America, he fulfilled the prophecy that he would 'lay down a third cable of intercommunication and alliance between the Old World and the New.'

We thank Miss Kate Field for this little volume, and we shall be glad to meet her again. For we hail her book as a generous tribute from a large-hearted nation to the genius and nobility of nature of our great English novelist ; and although in such a work there is but little scope for the display of originality, we think that Miss Field gives signal proof of the possession of a fund of humour not unmixed with pathos, which we shall be glad to see further exercised ; and we thoroughly agree with her in the hope and expectation that America and England may long continue to have no division but the Atlantic between them.

ERNEST RAWLINSON.

RECENT VERSIONS OF VIRGIL.

1. VIRGIL in English Rhythm by the Rev. R. C. Singleton, is nobly ambitious in its aims, professing as it does to combine in an English version of the poet, the prime requisites of 'rigid exactness, poetic diction, and rhythmical flow.' Many years ago this translator made the same creditable attempt, but with the true instinct of a true scholar, not satisfied with the result of his labour, he has now 'rewritten, revised, and enlarged' his previous work, and with a happy feeling of satisfaction at last with his crowning labour, he sends it forth for the acceptance alike of those who learn and those who teach, as 'a manual for teacher and scholar.' It is only fair to Mr. Singleton to weigh his merits as a translator, according to the standard he himself sets up to weigh merits of this kind. His rendering of the fourth *Æneid*, to which we shall here limit our remarks, is scarcely to our mind, remarkably rigid in its accuracy, poetic in its diction, or rhythmical in its flow. Its rigid accuracy is scarcely consistent with such renderings as the following 'exhibits:' for the frequentative term '*ostentat*' (*parades*), '*ghastly shades*' for *pallentes umbras*; while '*acerbo funere*,' is actually rendered '*felon death*!' In a very striking passage, v. 73—79, Virgil tells us that Dido was about to *speaking* out her love to *Æneas*, but held it back while on her very lips with a feeling of modesty, which Tennyson's '*Lily Maid of Astolat*' was incapable of maintaining against the madness of her passion.

Virgil says of Dido,

Incipit effari, mediâ que in voce resistit.

In a few lines lower down he tells us that his heroine seeks to beguile the love she cannot bring herself to *speaking out*, as poor Elaine has done in the *Idylls*. The former passage is here rendered,

Begins to utter, and amid the word
Stops short,

A translator rigidly exact should be a little more attentive here to the

¹ 'Virgil in English Rhythm,' by Rev. R. C. Singleton, M.A. London: Bell & Dalby. 1877.

full force of the compound verb, 'effari,' (to speak out), especially in a passage the beauty and point of which entirely turns upon its observance.

If we look to v. 440 where the whole beauty of the passage can be brought out only by a careful rendering of the *repeated prepositions*, we find Mr. Singleton as usual, either with no eyes to see the beauty before him, or with no tongue to interpret it. For the golden line,

Fata obstant, placidas que viri deus obstruit aures,

applied to Æneas tried by prayer and supplication to change his purpose of flight, we get in change such silver as this :

The Wierds withstand,
And blocks the God the hero's gentle ears.

Where we venture to think some such rendering as the following would be perhaps a little more in keeping with the sense of Virgil.

Against it stand the Fates, against it Heaven itself
Bars close the hero's fast relenting ears.

That portion of Virgil's magnificent description of 'Fame,' which runs thus:

Magnas territat urbes
Tam ficti pravi que tenax, quam nuntia veri
Hæc tum *multiplici* populos sermone *replebat*
Gaudens et pariter facta atque infecta *canebat*,

is here given to the English reader, after this fashion:

And mighty cities *with alarm she fills*,
As firm a grasper of the false and wrong,
As herald of the true. She then with *maze*
Of prate, the people *filled brimful*, in *glee*,
And facts and fictions, in an equal sort,
She *chanted*.

Here we must remind this translator of several inaccuracies. He has taken *replebat* for *conplebat*, he has missed altogether the force not merely of the imperfect tenses marked—which point to the *habitual* effect of *rumour*, but of the frequentative verb 'territat.' Nor can we accept 'a maze of prate' (whatever it may mean) as 'a rigorously exact,' and much less as a poetic version of 'Multiplici sermone.' We further beg to object to 'in glee,' as a bad example of a squinting construction, looking as it does two ways, to 'the people,' and to 'she.' Of this imperfect construction, we find another instance at v. 540, in Dido's bitter Invective:

Trust me when safe, an outcast on the beach
A beggar have I have harboured, and a fool,
Enthroned him in the partnership of realm.

Here it is not very clear from the construction whether Æneas is 'the fool' or Dido. Many of Mr. Singleton's lines, and much of his phraseology, seem, we think somewhat wanting in those graces of poetic diction, and that flow of measured music which best reflect the sweetness, the majestic march, and the stately grandeur of the Virgilian muse.

'Parvulus Æneas' is rendered more quaintly than poetically. 'An infantine Æneas,' which, after all, is more acceptable than Stonyhurst's version of the words (1583): 'A cockney, dandified, hop-thumb.'

2. MR. G. K. Rickards is an old Oxford man, and as a translator of Virgil he will, we think, occupy no unworthy place amongst the many Oxonians who have tried their skill and scholarship in translating the Æneid. With the single exception of John Dryden (a host in himself) the most successful translators of the Mantuan bard have been reared on the banks of the Isis. Lord Surrey—the hero of Flodden Field—the first translator of Virgil in blank verse (a metre which he was the first to introduce into this country from Italy), belonged, if we are to credit Anthony Wood, to the Alma Mater which reckons amongst her sons Professor Conington, Professor Trapp, Professor Lonsdale, and many other translators of Rome's immortal epic. It is singular, however, that the two most successful Virgilian translators hitherto, Dryden and Conington, in practice discarded blank verse as their metrical vehicle because of its difficulty, although they had admitted it to be the truest method of presentation of the Latin epic. A perfect translator should, we conceive, not only say what the original author has said, but he should say it as much as possible after the *manner* of the original. Now in Virgil's case this latter function of the translator is the more imperative, when we remember how much of the fascination and the finished beauty of the poet lies in his very manner and form. The authority of Milton ought to have some weight in deciding this mooted question, not so much because he has embodied his own immortal epic in heroic blank verse, and thus demonstrated beyond all question the transcendent capacities of such an instrument for such a purpose, but because by the many passages translated from Virgil and Homer, and woven into the texture of his heroic verse, he has shown that the stately dignity and the tender graces of the classic epic can be best rendered in blank verse. Tennyson, in our day, has set his seal to the same opinion by his masterly translation of the night-scene in Iliad viii. into blank verse. Against the ballad metre adopted by Professor Conington, Mr. Rickards justly urges the deteriorating effect it has had on the whole tone of the composition. 'The work,' he goes on to say, 'is pitched in too

² The 'Æneid of Virgil,' books I. to VI., translated in English blank verse by G. K. Rickards, M.A. London: Blackwood. 1871.

low a key. The metre has reacted on the diction, which in many passages is deficient in elevation, and disfigured by modernisms that jar with the classic model. The associations connected with the measure have a tendency to lower the great heroic drama to the level of modern minstrelsy, and the figure which rises beyond the translator's page is not that of Publius Virgilius Maro, but of Walter Scott.'

We may, however, give Mr. Rickard's credit for much more in this admirable version beyond the mere choice of blank verse, which we hold to be the most appropriate metre for an epic poem. Like Virgil's, his tone is for the most part elevated, his language lofty, terse, and tender. He fails to give us the exquisite grace and beauty which shine with matchless splendour in the Virgilian hexameters, but he has succeeded, nevertheless, in working out by far the most Virgilian metrical version of the greatest of Roman epics.

The grand episode of the fourth *Æneid*, which sings the love passages between Dido and *Æneas*, is, we fancy, no unfair test of the merits of a translator, containing as it does the most terrible and the most tender scenes in the whole '*Æneid*.'

Dido is Virgil's masterpiece as a character in the grand drama: her transcendent beauty as a woman; her moving majesty as a stately queen; her tenderness as a sister; but, above all, her self-sacrificing passion as a lover—are all brought out, touch after touch, by the consummate skill of the poet, who has never been surpassed in the exquisite tenderness and delicacy, and in the terrific grandeur of his love scenes. He paints the passion of the stricken queen as 'a fire invisible, feeding on the fountain of her life, and holding her from her rest, through the length of the sleepless night, when she sees nothing but the one beloved form'—hears nothing but the only voice she loves to hear, absent though it is. Before the rising tide of her passion everything sinks; her honour and her heart are together overwhelmed in the resistless flood of love—deep, womanly love—which bears her to the arms of *Æneas*, in the hour of her 'madness' and self-abandonment to the wiles of Cupid, and the stratagems of Venus, when Venus sanctions the bond of bliss, which was 'not the bond of man and wife,' amidst the Dryads' shrieks of horror for her bridal songs, and the lightning flashes of the angry heavens for her bridal torches. It is, however, in the closing scenes of this stirring drama—so suggestive of the highest moral counsels to trusting womanhood—that the poet reaches the climax of supreme interest and consumed power. Deserted by the idol of her heart, to whom she had sacrificed her all, she resolves on death as the only means of bringing 'calm to the tempest of her shipwrecked soul.' Here the poet, putting forth all his power, after the fashion of a Rembrandt, paints by contrasts of light and

shade the universal calm and peace of nature without, and the war and the tempest in the recesses of Dido's heart before she mounts the funeral pyre, and passes to the shades, stabbed by the sword, and stabbed more deeply 'by the heart's affections, to the heart.'

From her lonely watch-tower, the broken-hearted queen looks out on 'the weary world wrapped in its deepest slumber.' She marks the 'stillness of the woods,' 'the repose of the raging seas,' the silence of beast and bird, and the noiseless march of the planets gliding quietly through the noon of night. But in the rest that 'soothes the sorrow and stills the care' of a sleeping world, 'the unhappy queen' has no share; the night enters not into her eye, sinks not on her breaking heart. This night-scene is, to our mind, the most finished and the most charming passage in all Virgil. Unlike its great parallel in Homer, which Tennyson has so worthily rendered, it is not indebted for any of its attractions to the moon, to whom so many poets, like the tides of the sea, are under so many obligations.

Now let us see what Mr. Rickards, Mr. Conington, and Lord Surrey have made of this wonderful scene :

Mr. Rickards.

'Twas night, and slumber wrapt all living things:
The rustling woods, the sea's wild waves were still;
Their midway course in heaven the planets kept;
Hushed were the fields, the flocks, the gay-plumed birds
That skim the mere or haunt the bushy dell;
All ceased their labours, and from carking care
Found welcome respite in the stilly night;
All save unhappy Dido; she alone,
Sleepless in heart and eye, sad vigil kept.

Professor Conington.

'Tis night: earth's tired ones taste the balm,
The precious balm of sleep,
And in the forest there is calm,
And on the savage deep:
The stars are in their middle flight:
The fields are hushed: each bird or beast
That dwells beside the silver lake
Or haunts the tangles of the brake,
In placid slumber lies, released
From trouble by the touch of night:
All but the hapless queen: to rest
She yields not, nor with eye or breast
The gentle night receives.

Lord Surrey.

It was then night; the sound and quiet sleep
 Had through the earth the wearied bodies caught;
 The woods, the raging seas, were fallen to rest;
 When that the stars had half their course declined;
 The fields whist, beasts and fowls of divers hue,
 And whatso that in the broad lakes remained,
 Or yet among the bushy thicks of briar,
 Laid down to sleep by silence of the night
 'Gan swage their cares, mindless of travails past.
 Not so the spirit of this Phœnician queen;
 Unhappy she that on no sleep could chance,
 Nor yet night's rest enter in eye or breast.

Against Mr. Rickards's version, which has more of the manner and spirit of the original, although less faithful to details, than the other versions we have given, we must here note several sins of omission and commission. Our translator has omitted much that in Virgil is wonderfully significant of the scene he paints. Virgil describes the *weariness* of the world at rest by *corpora fessa*. Mr. Rickards here gives us brass for gold when he gives us 'living things' as change for 'corpora fessa,' the *weary* world. Then to the terms 'rustling,' 'carking,' 'welcome,' we object as nothing less than uncalled-for additions to the simple beauty of the original; and the more so as we find Mr. Rickards himself very hard indeed upon 'glorious John' Dryden for 'enervating' the strength of Virgil by additions, warranted only by the apparent exigences of the metre. The translator who condemns 'debilitating expansion' in others should be surely a trifle on his guard against the sin he denounces.

Again, Virgil does not tell us that the slumber 'wrapt all living things,' but the weary creatures of the world 'caught' (as Lord Surrey well puts it) or were *reaping* repose (*carpebant*); 'tasting balm,' as Conington puts it with more imagination. For Virgil's 'tenent,' which Conington renders 'dwell' and Lord Surrey 'remain,' Mr. Rickards gives us very short change indeed in 'skim.' But still worse is the error of taste which renders 'corda oblita laborum,' 'all ceased their labours'—a circumstance which is already *assumed* in the deep slumber of the world which is resting from its labour. What Virgil meant to tell us, and did in truth tell us, is precisely what his translator here forgets—that the universal slumber which was then prevailing found its way to the *hearts* of the sleepers, and that their hearts were no longer heavy with the recollection of their toils, and thus the poet heightens the contrast in the sleepless Dido's case, who cannot take the night and its slumber into her own *heart*. Tennyson, who abounds in imitations of Virgil, had in view the restlessness of Dido in this passage:

Neque unquam
Solvitur in somnos, *oculisve aut pectore noctem*
Accipit,

when he wrote in 'Elaine':

*She found no rest, and ever failed to draw
The quiet night into her blood.*

Looking at other passages of exquisite beauty in this book of Virgil, we are not altogether satisfied with some of Mr. Rickard's renderings, as where we read—

The *insidious* flame
Meanwhile is *mining* at the bosom's core,
And inly bleeds the *immedicable* wound,

as a version of the

est mollis flamma medullas
Interea, et *tacitum* vivit sub pectore vulnus.

Now the keynote of this passage, which reminds us most of Shakespeare's 'She never told her love,' is to be evidently found in the term *tacitum*, which is irretrievably lost in '*immedicable*.' '*Insidious*' and '*mining at*' are not mere mistranslations, but they are monstrosities unredeemed by a single gleam of beauty.

Amongst the many merits of this translation it is only just to Mr. Rickards to notice the singular fidelity, terseness, and vigour with which he has rendered many of the most memorable, brief, and compact lines of the original, which have come to be quoted by classical readers as proverbs.

T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L.